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VIRGIL'S
"GATHERING OF THE CLANS"

New York
LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO., FOURTH AVENUE,
AND THIRTIETH STREET

VIRGIL'S "GATHERING OF THE CLANS"

BEING

OBSERVATIONS ON AENEID VII. 601–817

BY

W. WARDE FOWLER
M.A., Hon. LL.D. Edin., Etc.

"On risque de s attarder en route quand on voyage avec Virgile: et c'est un compagnon dont on a grand peine de se séparer."—Gaston Boissier.

OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL
BROAD STREET
1916

PREFACE

In the darkest year that Europe has known since the tenth century, being too old and deaf to be of any active service to the country, I have found myself invigorated by fresh reading of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Wordsworth, and some other poets who, like these, are very old friends. A chance visit from a scholar who loves his Virgil, and happened to drop an opportune word or two about the "Gathering of the Clans," sent me once more to the seventh Aeneid, which always brings to mind the quiet, conversational, but most valuable lectures of my college tutor, Henry Nettleship, of which I still have the notes. I need hardly say that a fresh reading revealed new beauties, new secrets; and especially the "catalogue," as it is sometimes injuriously called, claimed from me a long and enjoyable study, of which the fruits, such as they are, are contained in the following pages. I hope they may be worth the attention of scholars, who will find, I think, that I have not wasted space by setting down anything that can be found just as well in the best-known commentaries. I have used the Oxford text edited by Sir A. Hirtzel in 1904.

Preface

I have to thank my old friend Mr. James Rhoades for his kind permission to use his excellent verse translation of this part of the seventh book.

I have begun at line 601, where the supernatural action ends, and man's "scelerata insania belli" begins to rage. It was a bad war: a war against the human agent of the heaven-god and the idea of justice which he represented. Such a war was that of Milton's fallen angels: such in yet another sense is that into which the great German people has plunged Europe, rejoicing in its strength. *Insano iuvat indulgere labori.*

W. W. F.

November 1, 1915.

VIRGIL'S
"GATHERING OF THE CLANS"

AENEID VII. 601–817.

AENEID VII. 601–817

(*From the Oxford Text*, 1904)

MOS erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes
Albanae coluere sacrum, nunc maxima rerum
Roma colit, cum prima movent in proelia Martem,
sive Getis inferre manu lacrimabile bellum
Hyrcanisve Arabisve parant, seu tendere ad Indos
Auroramque sequi Parthosque reposcere signa:
sunt geminae Belli portae (sic nomine dicunt)
religione sacrae et saevi formidine Martis;
centum aerei claudunt vectes aeternaque ferri
robora, nec custos absistit limine Ianus:
has, ubi certa sedet patribus sententia pugnae,
ipse Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino
insignis reserat stridentia limina consul,
ipse vocat pugnas; sequitur tum cetera pubes,
aereaque adsensu conspirant cornua rauco.
hoc et tum Aeneadis indicere bella Latinus
more iubebatur tristisque recludere portas.
abstinuit tactu pater aversusque refugit
foeda ministeria, et caecis se condidit umbris.

ERRATA

Page 25, line 18, *for* "princess" *read* "maiden.
Pages 12 and 46, *for* "Tirythius" *read* "Tirynthius.
Page 54, line 13, *for* "in Roman history" *read* "in early Roman history."

TRANSLATION

(By James Rhoades)

THERE was a wonted rite in Latium's realm
Hesperian, holy held from age to age
By Alba's cities, as to-day by Rome,
Earth's mightiest, when they rouse the god of war
To battle, whether against Getic foes
Intent to launch amain the dolorous fray,
Or Arabs, or Hyrcanians, or to march
On India's sons, or track the morning-star,
And from the Parthian their lost standards claim.
There are twin gates of War—so named and known—
By holy fear and terror of fell Mars
Made venerable: a hundred brazen bolts
Constrain them, and the eternal strength of iron,
Nor Janus on the threshold slacks his guard.
Here, be the fathers' will on battle bent,
The Consul in Quirinal robe arrayed
And Gabine cincture, the harsh-grinding valves
Himself unbars, himself invokes the fray,
Then all the war-host follow, and with one throat
The brazen clarions blare their hoarse assent.
Now too on this wise was Latinus bidden
War to proclaim against the sons of Troy,
Unclose the sullen portals. From their touch
The sire recoiled, turned from the loathèd task
Shrinking, and shrouded him in eyeless gloom.

tum regina deum caelo delapsa morantis
impulit ipsa manu portas, et cardine verso
belli ferratos rumpit Saturnia postis.
ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante;
pars pedes ire parat campis, pars arduus altis
pulverulentus equis furit; omnes arma requirunt.
pars levis clipeos et spicula lucida tergent
arvina pingui subiguntque in cote securis;
signaque ferre iuvat sonitusque audire tubarum.
quinque adeo magnae positis incudibus urbes
tela novant, Atina potens Tiburque superbum,
Ardea Crustumerique et turrigerae Antemnae.
tegmina tuta cavant capitum flectuntque salignas
umbonum cratis; alii thoracas aënos
aut levis ocreas lento ducunt argento;
vomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri
cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus ensis.
classica iamque sonant, it bello tessera signum.
hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit, ille frementis
ad iuga cogit equos, clipeumque auroque trilicem
loricam induitur fidoque accingitur ense.

Pandite nunc Helicona, deae, cantusque movete
qui bello exciti reges, quae quemque secutae

Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans"

Then, gliding from on high, the queen of heaven
With her own hand the lingering portals pushed,
And Saturn's daughter upon back-swung hinge
Asunder burst the iron-bound gates of war.
Ausonia, erst supine, immovable,
Anon takes fire. Some gird them o'er the plain
To march afoot; some, mounted on tall steeds,
Storm through a cloud of dust; all shout for arms.
Some furbish with rich lard the buckler smooth,
The javelin bright, or on the whetstone wear
Their axes to an edge: with joy they thrill
To advance the standard, hear the trumpet bray.
Five mighty cities set their anvils up
To fashion arms anew—Atina strong,
Proud Tibur, Ardea, and Crustumeri,
And turret-crowned Antemnae. For head-gear
Helmets they hollow, and for the boss of shields
Bend wicker-plait; some corslets beat from brass,
Smooth greaves from pliant silver. E'en to this
The pride of share and hook, to this hath fall'n
All passion for the plough: their father's swords
I' the furnace they re-temper. And now sounds
The clarion, speeds the watchword for the war.
One in hot haste plucks helm from house-wall; one
Couples his snorting coursers to the yoke,
In shield and hauberk triple-twilled with gold
Arrays him, and girds trusty sword on thigh.
Now, Muses, ope the gates of Helicon
And wake the song—what kings were roused to war,
What hosts behind them following filled the plain;
Bloomed with what heroes, with what armour burned,

complerint campos acies, quibus Itala iam tum
floruerit terra alma viris, quibus arserit armis;
et meministis enim, divae, et memorare potestis;
ad nos vix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.

Primus init bellum Tyrrhenis asper ab oris
contemptor divum Mezentius agminaque armat.
filius huic iuxta Lausus, quo pulchrior alter
non fuit excepto Laurentis corpore Turni;
Lausus, equum domitor debellatorque ferarum,
ducit Agyllina nequiquam ex urbe secutos
mille viros, dignus patriis qui laetior esset
imperiis et cui pater haud Mezentius esset.

Post hos insignem palma per gramina currum
victoresque ostentat equos satus Hercule pulchro
pulcher Aventinus, clipeoque insigne paternum
centum anguis cinctamque gerit serpentibus Hydram;
collis Aventini silva quem Rhea sacerdos
furtivum partu sub luminis edidit oras,
mixta deo mulier, postquam Laurentia victor
Geryone exstincto Tirythius attigit arva,
Tyrrhenoque boves in flumine lavit Hiberas.
pila manu saevosque gerunt in bella dolones,
et tereti pugnant mucrone veruque Sabello.
ipse pedes, tegimen torquens immane leonis,
terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis
indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat,
horridus Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu.

E'en then the nursing soil of Italy:
For, being maids immortal, ye both mind
And can recount them; scarcely to our ears
Floats through the ages a thin breath of fame.
  First to the field, despiser of the gods,
Speeds fierce Mezentius from the Tyrrhene coast,
And arms his ranks for battle; hard by him
Lausus his son, than whom no goodlier youth,
Save Turnus of Laurentum. At his back
Lausus, steed-tamer, beast-destroyer, leads
His thousand from Agylla's town—in vain;
Worthy of happier service as a son,
And other than Mezentius for his sire.
  Behind them on the grassy sward displays
His palm-crown'd chariot and victorious steeds
A hero, sprung from Hercules the fair,
Fair Aventinus: on his shield he bears
A hundred serpents, his ancestral sign,
The snake-encircled Hydra. Him by stealth
The priestess Rhea on wood-clothed Aventine,
Woman with god commingling, bare to light,
When the Tirynthian victor, Geryon quelled,
Arrived the fields Laurentian, and there bathed
His kine Iberian in the Tuscan stream.
Javelins and cruel pikes they wield for war,
And fight with tapering-tipped Sabellian dart.
Himself, swinging a lion's monstrous fell
Shaggy with fearful bristles, o'er his head
Flung with its flashing teeth, thus strode on foot
Into the palace, grisly-rough, the garb
Of Hercules about his shoulders clasped.

Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt,
fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,
Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiva iuventus,
et primam ante aciem densa inter tela feruntur:
ceu duo nubigenae cum vertice montis ab alto
descendunt Centauri Homolen Othrymque nivalem
linquentes cursu rapido; dat euntibus ingens
silva locum et magno cedunt virgulta fragore.
Nec Praenestinae fundator defuit urbis,
Volcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem
inventumque focis omnis quem credidit aetas,
Caeculus. hunc legio late comitatur agrestis:
quique altum Praeneste viri quique arva Gabinae
Iunonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt, quos dives Anagnia pascit,
quos, Amasene pater. non illis omnibus arma
nec clipei currusve sonant; pars maxima glandes
liventis plumbi spargit, pars spicula gestat
bina manu, fulvosque lupi de pelle galeros
tegmen habent capiti; vestigia nuda sinistri
instituere pedis, crudus tegit altera pero.
At Messapus, equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
quem neque fas igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro,
iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello
agmina in arma vocat subito ferrumque retractat.
hi Fescenninas acies aequosque Faliscos,
hi Soractis habent arces Flaviniaque arva
et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos.

Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans"

Then brethren twain from Tibur's hold, a folk
Called from their brother's name Tiburtus, come,
Catillus and keen Coras, Argive youths.
First of the foremost, on they press, where darts
Throng thickest: as when from some tall mountain-top
Descend two cloud-born Centaurs, Homole
Or snow-capped Othrys quitting with swift stride;
The mighty forest as they go gives place,
And with loud crash the thickets yield them way.
Nor lacked the founder of Praeneste's town,
King sprung from Vulcan 'mid the pasturing herds,
And by the fireside found, as every age
Hath deemed him—Caeculus. A rustic band
Spread wide attends him, those that dwell on steep
Praeneste's height, or Gabian Juno's fields,
Chill Anio, or the stream-dewed Hernic rocks;
Whom rich Anagnia nurtures, or whom thou,
Sire Amasenus. Arms they have not all,
Nor shield, nor sounding chariot. The more part
Sling bullets of blue lead. Some javelins twain
Brandish in hand, with tawny wolfskin cap
For head-gear: the left foot bare-soled they plant;
The other a raw bull's hide sandal sheathes.
Messapus, the steed-tamer, Neptune's child,
Whom none with fire, nor yet with steel, may quell,
Tribes long inert and ranks to battle strange
Calls suddenly to arms, grasps sword once more.
These have Fescennine warriors in their host,
And Aequi of Falerium; these hold high
Soracte and Flavinian fields, the lake
And hill of Ciminus, and Capena's groves.

ibant aequati numero regemque canebant:
ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni
cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros
dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe
pulsa palus.
[nec quisquam aeratas acies ex agmine tanto
misceri putet, aëriam sed gurgite ab alto
urgeri volucrum raucarum ad litora nubem.]
Ecce Sabinorum prisco de sanguine magnum
agmen agens Clausus magnique ipse agminis instar,
Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens
per Latium, postquam in partem data Roma Sabinis.
una ingens Amiterna cohors priscique Quirites,
Ereti manus omnis oliviferaeque Mutuscae;
qui Nomentum urbem, qui Rosea rura Velini,
que Tetricae horrentis rupes montemque Severum
Casperiamque colunt Forulosque et flumen Himellae,
qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit
Nursia, et Ortinae classes populique Latini,
quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen:
quam multi Libyco volvuntur marmore fluctus
saevus ubi Orion hibernis conditur undis,
vel cum sole novo densae torrentur aristae
aut Hermi campo aut Lyciae flaventibus arvis.
scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus.

In measured time they march and chant their king:
As snow-white swans that, through the liquid clouds
From food returning, utter forth their full
Long-throated strains. The stream and Asia's fen
Afar ring smitten. [Nor had one deemed them there
A mail-clad army blent in vast array,
But rather of hoarse birds an airy cloud,
That from the deep mid-ocean shoreward ply.]
Lo! Clausus of old Sabine blood, who leads
A mighty host, himself a host in might!
From whom the Claudian tribe and clan to-day,
Since Rome was with the Sabine shared, spreads wide
Through Latium: and along with them the vast
Cohort of Amiternum and old-world
Quirites, all Eretum's folk, and they
Of olive-rife Mutusca; men who throng
Nomentum's city and the Rosean plain
Hard by Velinus: who the rugged rocks
Of Tetrica, and Mount Severus hold,
Casperia's town, and Foruli, and where flows
Himella's stream; who drink of Tiber's wave
And Fabaris, or whom chilly Nursia sends,
With Horta's squadrons and the Latian tribes,
And they whom Allia, evil-boding name,
Parts with dividing current: numberless
As billows that on Libya's sea-floor roll,
When fierce Orion sets in wintry wave,
Or thick as clustering corn-ears, that beneath
The young sun ripen, or on Hermus' plain,
Or Lycia's yellowing fields. Their bucklers clang,
And the earth quakes for terror as they tread.

Hinc Agamemnonius, Troiani nominis hostis,
curru iungit Halaesus equos Turnoque ferocis
mille rapit populos, vertunt felicia Baccho
Massica qui rastris, et quos de collibus altis
Aurunci misere patres Sidicinaque iuxta
aequora, quique Cales linquunt amnisque vadosi
accola Volturni, pariterque Saticulus asper
Oscorumque manus. teretes sunt aclydes illis
tela, sed haec lento mos est aptare flagello.
laevas caetra tegit, falcati comminus enses.

Nec tu carminibus nostris indictus abibis,
Oebale, quem generasse Telon Sebethide nympha
fertur, Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret,
iam senior; patriis sed non et filius arvis
contentus late iam tum dicione tenebat
Sarrastis populos et quae rigat aequora Sarnus,
quique Rufras Batulumque tenent atque arva Celemnae
et quos maliferae despectant moenia Abellae,
Teutonico ritu soliti torquere cateias;
tegmina quis capitum raptus de subere cortex
aerataeque micant peltae, micat aereus ensis

Et te montosae misere in proelia Nersae,

Halaesus next, of Agamemnon's stock,
Foe to the name of Troy, yokes steed to car,
And whirls a thousand warlike tribes along
To fight for Turnus, men who till with hoe
The wine-blest Massic region, or sent forth
From their high hills by the Auruncan sires,
Or Sidicine low-dwellers hard at hand;
Comers from Cales, and who dwell beside
Volturnus' shoaly river, and with these
The rough Saticulan, and the Oscan band;
Smooth-polished clubs for missiles, 'tis their wont
With a tough thong to fit them; the left arm
A leathern target shields; curv'd swords they bear
For close encounter.

Nor must thou depart
Unhonoured of our song, O Oebalus,
Whom, as folk tell, the nymph Sebethis bare
To Telon, when now full of years he ruled
The Teleboic realm of Capreae.
But with his sire's domain wax'd ill-content,
E'en then the son was curbing 'neath his sway
The wide Sarrastian peoples, and the plains
By Sarnus washed, folk that in Rufrae dwell
And Batulum and Celemna's furrowed fields,
And those on whom the battlements look down
Of apple-boughed Abella. These were wont
In Teuton wise long darts to hurl amain:
Peeled cork-tree bark for head-gear, their slight shields
Are glittering brass, and glittering brass their swords.

And thee too, Ufens, from her mountain-perch
Nersae sent forth to battle, fame-renowned,

Vfens, insignem fama et felicibus armis,
horrida praecipue cui gens adsuetaque multo
venatu nemorum, duris Aequicula glaebis.
armati terram exercent semperque recentis
convectare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto.
Quin et Marruvia venit de gente sacerdos
fronde super galeam et felici comptus oliva
Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Vmbro,
vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydris
spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
mulcebatque iras et morsus arte levabat.
sed non Dardaniae medicari cuspidis ictum
evaluit neque eum iuvere in vulnera cantus
somniferi et Marsis quaesitae montibus herbae.
te nemus Angitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
te liquidi flevere lacus.
Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello,
Virbius, insignem quem mater Aricia misit,
eductum Egeriae lucis umentia circum
litora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae.
namque ferunt fama Hippolytum, postquam arte novercae
occiderit patriasque explerit sanguine poenas
turbatis distractus equis, ad sidera rursus
aetheria et superas caeli venisse sub auras,
Paeoniis revocatum herbis et amore Dianae.
tum pater omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris
mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere vitae,
ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis

And fortunate in war, whose Aequian folk
On their stiff clods are rugged beyond all,
And to hard hunting in the woods inured.
In arms they task the furrow, and evermore
Amass new plunder, and by rapine live.
Ay, and a priest of race Marruvian came,
His head with garland of rich olive dight,
By King Archippus sent, Umbro the brave,
Who on the viper's brood and water-snakes
Of baneful breath, with charm of voice and touch
Shed slumber, and assuaged their wrath, his craft
Their bites allaying. But stroke of Dardan spear
To heal he skilled not, nor his slumberous charms
Availed against their wounds, nor herbs with care
Culled on the Marsian mountains. Wept for thee
Angitia's grove, for thee the glassy wave
Of Fucinus, the crystal pools for thee.
There Virbius to the war in beauty strode,
Son of Hippolytus, whom in flower of fame
His mother sent, Aricia; nursed he was
In groves Egerian round the humid shores,
Where Dian's rich and gracious altar stands.
Ay, for Hippolytus, so runs the tale,
By stepdame's treachery done to death, and torn
By his scared steeds, to glut a sire's revenge,
Came back to daylight and the air of heaven,
Called by the Healer's herbs and Dian's love,
Then wroth that mortal should from shades of hell
Rise to the light of life, the Almighty Sire
With his own levin-bolt to Stygian wave
Thrust down the finder of such craft and cure,

fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas.
at Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
sedibus et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat,
solus ubi in silvis Italis ignobilis aevum
exigeret versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.
unde etiam templo Triviae lucisque sacratis
cornipedes arcentur equi, quod litore currum
et iuvenem monstris pavidi effudere marinis.
filius ardentis haud setius aequore campi
exercebat equos curruque in bella ruebat.

Ipse inter primos praestanti corpore Turnus
vertitur arma tenens et toto vertice supra est.
cui triplici crinita iuba galea alta Chimaeram
sustinet Aetnaeos efflantem faucibus ignis;
tam magis illa fremens et tristibus effera flammis
quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnae.
at levem clipeum sublatis cornibus Io
auro insignibat, iam saetis obsita, iam bos,
argumentum ingens, et custos virginis Argus,
caelataque amnem fundens pater Inachus urna.
insequitur nimbus peditum clipeataque totis
agmina densentur campis, Argivaque pubes
Auruncaeque manus, Rutuli veteresque Sicani,
et Sacranae acies et picti scuta Labici;
qui saltus, Tiberine, tuos sacrumque Numici
litus arant Rutulosque exercent vomere collis

The Phoebus-born. But Trivia of her Grace
In a dim dwelling hides Hippolytus,
To nymph Egeria and her grove consigned,
Alone, obscure, in woods of Italy
With altered name, as Virbius to live on.
Whence too, from Trivia's shrine, and hallowed groves
Horn-hoofed steeds are banished, for that they,
Frighted by ocean-monsters, on the shore
Flung car and warrior. But the son no less
His fiery steeds along the level plain
Was driving, and rushed charioted to war.
Himself, too, Turnus, of surpassing mould,
Amid the foremost moving, arms in hand,
By a whole head o'ertops them; his proud helm,
Tressed with a triple plume, Chimaera bears
Out-breathing from her jaws Aetnean fires,
The madlier raging with more baleful flames
As deeplier the red field with carnage ran.
But his smooth shield Io with lifted horns
In gold emblazoned, now with hair o'ergrown,
Now turned to heifer, a stupendous sign,
And Argus, the maid's warder, and therewith,
His flood outpouring from a graven urn,
Sire Inachus. Behind the hero comes
A cloud of footmen, and o'er all the plain
The shielded ranks are thickening, Argive men,
The Auruncan musters with the Rutule ranks;
And old Sicani, the Sacranian host
And gay-shielded Labici; who thy lawns,
O Tiber, and Numicius' sacred shore
Till, or with ploughshare tame the Rutule heights

Circaeumque iugum, quis Iuppiter Anxurus arvis
praesidet et viridi gaudens Feronia luco;
qua Saturae iacet atra palus gelidusque per imas
quaerit iter vallis atque in mare conditur Vfens.
Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas,
bellatrix, non illa colo calathisve Minervae
femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia virgo
dura pati cursuque pedum praevertere ventos.
illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret
gramina nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas,
vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti
ferret iter celeris nec tingeret aequore plantas.
illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuventus
turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem,
attonitis inhians animis ut regius ostro
velet honos levis umeros, ut fibula crinem
auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
et pastoralem praefixa cuspide myrtum.

And Circe's ridge; over whose fields enthroned
Rules Jove of Anxur, and Feronia sits
Rejoicing in her greenwood; where outstretched
Lies the black marsh of Satura, and where
Along the valley-bottoms winds his way
Cold Ufens, till he plunges in the deep.
To crown them comes Camilla, Volscian-bred,
Heading her horse-troop, squadrons bright with brass,
A warrior-maid, her woman's hands unused
To loom or basket of Minerva's wool,
But strong to bide the battle, and on foot
Outrace the breezes: she might e'en have sped
Over the unlopped harvest-blades, nor bruised
The tender ears in running, or have skimmed
Mid-ocean, poised upon the billows' swell,
Nor in the surges dipped her flying feet.
At her, astonied youths and matrons all
From house and field throng gazing, as she goes,
Agape with wonder at the royal pomp
Of purple draped about her shoulders smooth,
Her tresses intertwined with clasp of gold—
To mark the Lycian quiver that she bears,
And pastoral wand of myrtle tipped with steel.

INTRODUCTORY

In the seventh Aeneid Virgil begins the long story of the war which was to plant his hero firmly on the soil of Italy, and thus to open a way for the Roman dominion that was to be. Aeneas lands with good heart and good omens, and at first all goes well with him. His hundred envoys are well received by the King Latinus, who offers him his daughter's hand. Then Juno, ever the enemy of Trojans, fiercely determines to oppose the adventurer; she summons the Fury Allecto, and bids her stir up anger and war against the strangers. This is soon done; Lavinia's mother is driven to take the part of the Rutulian Turnus as a suitor for her daughter, to the exclusion of Aeneas. Turnus himself vows vengeance on Aeneas and the Latins aiding him; and finally Ascanius, Aeneas' youthful son, while hunting near the Trojan camp, kills unknowingly a pet stag belonging to the Latin princess Silvia. All this is done through the wiles of Allecto, at the bidding of Juno; and it succeeds. The wrath of the Italian folk is kindled, and Ascanius has to be rescued from hostile hands. The long struggle begins, and the Italian tribes are summoned. Latinus has to bend to the war-spirit, and retires in grief into the inner

chambers of his palace. At this point, line 601, my notes begin. All central Italy has been roused by the war-horn of the Fury, "et trepidae matres pressere ad pectora natos." All is ready for the Gates of War to be thrown open; and then, as if they had passed through them in some mystic sense, the Italian princes and their warriors pass before the reader in a magnificent pageant.

It is interesting to compare this pageant with similar episodes in the Iliad, in the eighth book of the Punica of Silius Italicus, who wrote about a century after Virgil, and Milton's Paradise Lost, book i. The comparison will help us to understand Virgil's object here, apart from the mere desire to imitate or surpass Homer. An epic poet would naturally be expected, and would expect it of himself, to follow the Homeric track in the treatment of episodes; but it was inevitable that one of Virgil's quality, a rare poetic soul of true Italian tone, should turn the old expedient, as with the Games and the Descent into Hades, to new and national advantage.

Virgil's methods, whether in poetic architecture or poetic expression, were never entirely simple; and in this pageant we find the usual complexity. Here the most obvious motive in the poet's craft is the wish to move the feeling of his Italian reader as he sees the stately procession of Italian warriors passing before him, or perchance to fill his mind with pride and pleasure at finding among them the ancient representatives of his own city or district. Italians have always been curiously proud of the reputation of

their birthplace; even in our own time they have searched Mommsen's "History of Rome" for some allusion to their homes, and treasured up the reference with gratitude. "*Ha parlato bene dal nostro paese,*" they would exclaim, as he travelled through their town in later days.[1] The Homeric "catalogue"[2] doubtless had an object of the same kind, but it is far more a catalogue than a pageant, and it ends with a list of what we should now call "enemy cities." Its psychological effect, I imagine, was inferior to that of Virgil's picture, if only because the Roman poet set himself to support with all his gifts the definite Italian policy of Augustus,[3] at a time when Italy's need for national satisfaction and hope were greater than they had ever yet been.

This, I think, was the poet's primary motive, but in the execution he was confronted by serious difficulties which made his task a complex one. We have to remember that all the peoples of the procession were the *enemies* of the Trojans, and summoned to resist the establishment in Italy of Aeneas and his host, and therein also to resist the decrees of Fate which were to make Rome eventually the mistress of Italy. Here was a difficulty calling for an artist of con-

[1] "Theodor Mommsen," von. C. Bardt, p. 8. Berlin, 1903.

[2] Iliad, ii. 484 *ff.*

[3] It was from the late Prof. Pelham that we in England first learnt what this meant. I may refer to his "Outlines of Roman History," p. 411, for a brief account of it. Probably Julius had first suggested the idea that Rome and Italy taken together were henceforward to be the centre of civilization.

summate skill, who could find no help in his Iliad. Virgil had to hold firmly together the sympathies of Romans and Italians. Someone may ask, where was the difficulty? Surely they were by his time united in feeling. No; if that had really been so, Augustus' policy would have been superfluous. Italy is not a country that lends itself easily to unification, as Italians know well at the present day; and only twenty years before Virgil was born, the peoples of central Italy had been engaged in deadly strife with Rome, and had forced her to treat them as her equals. The Italian policy of Augustus was in truth a new one, and I have no doubt whatever that in this episode Virgil believed himself to be aiding it.

Thus the poet might not too plainly treat his Italians as the enemies of the Roman spirit and empire, nor on the other hand might he engage the sympathy of his reader too absolutely for Aeneas and the invaders:

> "dextrum Scylla latus, laevum implacata Charybdis obsidet. . . ."

Let us see how he surmounts the difficulty, and achieves the feat of keeping Rome and her solemn destiny in our minds while he shows us the bloom and vigour of Italy in a series of splendid pictures.[1]

[1] The difficulty was increased by the fact that Italy was practically new ground for an epic poet. Interest in Italy and the Italians must be roused: here the old epic ground is left behind, and the gathering of the clans is an old episode in a new setting. On this point see Boissier, "Promenades Archæologiques," second series, p. 261 *ff.*

First, the sixth book, and especially the prophetic close of it, has left the reader in full conviction of the religious destiny of Aeneas and Rome, and this definite impression cannot possibly be obliterated by any amount of Italian heroism in the rest of the poem.[1] Again, in this seventh book, before the pageant opens, it is made plain that this is a *bad war*, stirred up by the ever unscrupulous Juno-Hera (of whom more directly) through an offensive and grisly agent, the Fury Allecto: hence

> "saevit amor ferri et *scelerata insania belli*:"

and

> "ilicet *infandum* cuncti contra omina *bellum*
> contra fata deum perverso numine poscunt."

And when in the following lines Latinus is forced to give way with a deep sigh for rest, this sigh is accompanied by a fierce curse on the head of Turnus:

> "te Turne nefas, te triste manebit
> supplicium, votisque deos venerabere seris."

A Roman of Augustus' day would think of other bad wars and another reckless leader, Antony.

Yet the Italian spirit is skilfully safeguarded, as we shall see as we follow the pageant. Cities, rivers, local deities, and many local touches and legends, combine to delight the Italian *municipalis*, who will be reminded of the Homeric catalogue he read in

[1] The keynote is sounded strongly again just before the pageant begins: "Mos erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes Albanae coluere sacrum, nunc *maxima rerum Roma* colit. . . ." (601 *ff.*).

his youth, and feel that here "nescio quid maius nascitur Iliade." The poet does all he can to secure variety, as I hope to show, to make this city or that, with its surrounding region, stand out clearly in the picture, and take the right colouring for the delectation of its descendants. Then how splendid and martial is the tone throughout, how perfect the consummation in the figures of Turnus and Camilla, the hero and heroine of these last books! It is with the perfection of his artistic resources that Virgil solves his greatest difficulty.

At this point I will turn for a moment to the parallel episode in the poem of Silius Italicus. Silius was not a great poet, but one might fancy that he had a good opportunity in the gathering of Italian contingents to repel Hannibal. Unluckily there were too many of them, and the conscientious verse-maker, modelling his work on Homer's catalogue rather than on Virgil's pageant, overdoes his detail, bewilders and wearies his reader, without arousing any keen sense of national exultation.[1] His flashlight is a feeble one; the endless procession passes, and we grow stupid and weary. We cannot see the wood for the trees: towns, rivers, mountains, gods and temples, soldiers and their armour, pass before us without making us the least enthusiastic, and I think that even the Italian of the early empire could hardly have been moved to emotion. Almost the only bit of genuine

[1] Boissier remarked on the same fault in Flaubert's Salammbo (of the Carthaginian contingents): "Nouvelles Promenades Archæologiques," p. 321.

poetry I can find is the allusion to Cicero when Arpinum is reached:

> "ille super Gangen, super exauditus et Indos,
> implebit terras voce, et furialia bella
> fulmine compescet linguae, nec deinde relinquet
> par decus eloquio cuiquam sperare nepotum."[1]

And after all this is but a momentary reminiscence of the prophetic end of the sixth Aeneid.

Milton, in the first book of Paradise Lost, follows the Virgilian, not the Homeric, method. The heathen gods and devils whom he marshals against the hosts of Jehovah are carefully chosen, limited in number, marked by characteristics familiar to his Puritan readers, and poetically distinct and attractive, *e.g.*:

> "Thammuz came next behind,
> Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
> In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
> While smooth Adonis from his native rock
> Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
> Of Thammuz yearly wounded. . . ."[2]

It is most interesting to notice that Milton had much the same difficulty to face as Virgil, and that he dealt with it victoriously in the very same way. He had to engage the interest, nay, the emotion, of his reader, in these gods and devils, as Virgil had to enlist the admiration of the Roman reader for the

[1] Punica, vii. 410 *ff.*

[2] Paradise Lost, book i., 446 *ff.*

wrong side in the strife. Each poet achieves his object in his own way, but the method is in the main the same: the secret is in the skilful selection of detail, and in the high dignity and poetic beauty of the language used.

In one respect Milton surpassed his model. Virgil ended his pageant most happily with the resplendent figures of Turnus and Camilla; Milton closes his very quietly among classical allusions, then pauses for a moment to begin again. His own imagination has been kindled, and he has kindled ours, by the pictures of these magnificent fiends, Moloch, Chemosh, Dagon, and the rest, and he cannot halt as yet. With the words, "All these and more came flocking," he braces himself for a new effort, and launches into the full diapason of overwhelming organ sound. We fairly forget that these are the hosts of the Devil fighting against the will of God, as we almost forget, at the close of the seventh Aeneid, that Rome and Aeneas were in the hands of Fate for the good of mankind. But I will return to this subject for a moment when we have finished our task.

Before I end this introductory note, I wish to draw attention to an observation made by Dr. Henry in his "Aeneidea," when about to deal with Virgil's pageant.[1] I have the greatest reverence for Dr. Henry as a critic, for he is always interesting and instructive even where, as in this case (so it seems to me) he is manifestly in the wrong; and I have followed his comments carefully, as will be seen through-

[1] "Aeneidea," vol. ii., p. 591 *ff.*

out the following pages. "Nowhere," he says, "not even in the visit to Hades, is *the aristocratic spirit* of Virgil manifested more plainly than in this account of the Latin armament." He sees the aristocratic spirit of Virgil thus strongly manifested, in contrast to Homer's "true spirit of a democrat"; for the Italian gives us successive pictures of the leaders of the tribes, hardly mentioning the rank and file at all, while in Homer the people are described first, and their leaders follow. But what is the general tenor of the Iliad? Surely not democratic; it is a story of the deeds of the chiefs and their protecting deities while the people look on or fight unnoticed. If the rank and file come first in Homer, I think it is chiefly because the main object of the list is to glorify the individual Greek cities and their wealth and resources, not to uphold the democratic principle; and if the chiefs come first in Virgil, I think it is because he knew very well what treatment would give his art its best chance. The result is, in Dr. Henry's own words (p. 593), with which I cordially agree, that "while Virgil enriches the Aeneid with a chapter second in interest and poetical beauty to none in the whole work, Homer encumbers the Iliad with, to say the best of it, a long dry table of statistical details." I think Dr. Henry was led to his views about our poet's anti-democratic mental attitude by the curious omission of a subject to "gerunt" in line 664. After telling us about the prince or leader Aventinus, Virgil goes on abruptly:

"pila manu saevosque gerunt in bella dolones,"

which Dr. Henry explains as an open expression of contempt for the crowd. With all my admiration for Dr. Henry, I am convinced that he is quite wrong here. There are a good many signs in book vii. of unfinished workmanship, though the highly finished parts are as fine as any in the whole poem; and I think this may very well reckon as one of these signs, unless indeed, as I shall presently suggest, these lines are not in their proper place. At any rate I cannot persuade myself that Virgil left out the subject to "gerunt" in order to pour contempt on the Italian rank and file. It is curious to find Dr. Henry going far to refute his own argument by remarking that Milton, though democrat and regicide, follows Virgil's method and not Homer's. If Milton did so, and made "the promiscuous crowd" stand all aloof, we may be sure that he did so for artistic reasons, not for political ones. He had no use for the promiscuous crowd, except, when his list of the chiefs is ended, to send up, at sight of the unfurling of the imperial ensign of hell,

> "A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and beyond,
> Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night,"

and thus to introduce a passage of such sublime splendour as is hardly to be found either in Homer or Virgil. The old Puritan was a consummate artist and knew very well where his artistic interest lay; this was his compass all through his long voyage, and beyond all doubt it was Virgil's too.

Lines 607 *ff.*—" The Gates of War " :

> " Sunt geminae Belli portae (sic nomine dicunt)
> religione sacrae et saevi formidine Martis;
> centum aerei claudunt vectes, aeternaque ferri
> robora, nec custos absistit limine Ianus."

There are two or three points in Virgil's treatment of this episode which invite me to dwell on it for a moment. Archæologically he seems to be right on one point and quite wrong on another.

This is, on the whole, the right account of what we used once to call the *temple* of Janus. It was really a double gateway, *i.e.*, a building with two openings to right and left, connected by a solid wall[1] like the Porta Carmentalis in historical times. Whether it was ever really a gate of the city may be doubted; it may have been an archway for religious purposes, like the Porta triumphalis, through which the army passed on its return from a war.[2] The double gateway suggests that the host went out through one opening and returned through the other; and as in the story of the Fabii in Liv.

[1] Wissowa, " Religion und Kultus der Römer," second edition, p. 104.

[2] Josephus, " Bell. Jud.," vii. 5, 4. I have dealt with this matter in an article entitled " Passing under the Yoke," *Classical Review*, vol. xxvii., p. 49.

ii. 49 the unlucky archway of the Porta Carmentalis was the right-hand one, we may perhaps guess that the army went out through the left-hand one, returning by the other, which would then also be on their left hand.

Mars, so far as we know, had nothing to do with this gate, and his name is here, I think, hardly more than the synonym for war, with which all Romans were by Virgil's time familiar. Janus is rightly presented as the spirit guarding the gate, not as a deity to whom it served as temple. We know of no sacrifice performed at this gate, nor any rite that could suggest its use as a *fanum;* the sacrifice of a ram to this *numen* on January 9 took place in the Regia.

So far Virgil is historically right. But when he goes on to describe the opening of the gate, he carries out the unhistorical idea of which he has already given us a hint in the lines quoted above, that it was normally closed, fastened in fact by bolts and bars, a hundred of them, so that the strength of a mortal king or consul could hardly force them open. Virgil knew well enough that till his own age, the era of the Pax Augusta, the Roman Gates of War had only once been closed; but he could afford to defy tradition here, partly because he is not writing of historical Rome but of the city of Latinus, and mainly because he had already, near the beginning of his poem, made Jupiter foretell the day when the Gates would be perpetually closed, and the unholy spirit of strife (*furor impius*) would be imprisoned

within them, bound with a hundred chains (i. 291 *ff.*). The result of this treatment is magnificent poetry, and it comes from the heart. The world of Virgil's day was thoroughly weary of war; and in entering on the story of the fierce struggle for Italy and civilization which was to occupy the rest of the Aeneid, he emphasizes again and again the madness and the wickedness of war. King Latinus shrank from the horrid task of opening the Gates (*foeda ministeria*): he fled and hid himself in the dark recesses of his palace. Juno, the cruel enemy of the Trojans, had herself to undertake the work (620-2).

Line 620—"Regina deum (Juno)":

In Virgil's story the war is wholly due to Juno, with the loathesome Allecto as her agent. This is not simply because the Homeric Hera was the bitter enemy of the Trojans; that alone would not have made it possible for a Roman poet to employ her persistently against the chosen people, and against the decrees of Fate and Jupiter. How determined was her enmity we know from many passages, among which there is none better than v. 781 *ff.*: Venus complains—

> "Iunonis gravis ira neque exsaturabile pectus
> cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnis;
> quam nec longa dies pietas nec mitigat ulla,
> nec Iovis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit."

The fact is that the position of Juno at Rome was a curious one, and at no time a very important one, and

for that reason a Roman poet might use her with a fair amount of license. We used of course to think of her as the wife of Jupiter, and my distinguished friend, the author of the "Golden Bough," still, I believe, holds this opinion. But Roman gods did not have wives in the proper sense of that word, and Juno in the great Capitoline temple was no more the wife of Jupiter than her colleague Minerva. It used to be thought, on no good evidence at all, that the Flamen and Flaminica Dialis were priest and priestess of Jupiter and Juno; but it is now recognized that both served Jupiter only.[1] There is, in fact, hardly anything to connect the two deities together except Homer and the wilful identification of Hera and Juno.

Rid your mind of this identification, and you will recognize the poet's right to turn Juno to any account he pleases. Remember also that she was the representative of the female principle at Rome: that women thought of their Juno as men of their Genius. Emphatically we may say that in the Aeneid she represents the feminine temper, or at least some aspects of it which were well known in the last century B.C. Dr. Glover has rightly pointed out that she also in the poem stands for a false idea of empire. "Fate has decreed that one people shall rule the world; she prefers another, and she tries conclusions with Fate. Aeneas, as the agent of Fate, suffers." [2]

[1] Wissowa, *op. cit.* 516, note 2. I proved this point in *Classical Review*, vol. ix., p. 474 *ff.*

[2] "Studies in Virgil," p. 132.

This idea of empire is false, not only because it is backed up by a great female *numen*, whose temper is irreconcilable with the large masculine benevolence of Jupiter, but because, with the aid of that *numen*, it is embodied in a woman, Dido, foreshadowing the beautiful dangerous queen of Virgil's own day. Juno in the Aeneid is well worth careful study; even the first fifty lines of book i., well weighed (as seldom happens), will do much to help us. At the outset of his poem, with all the emphasis he can use, Virgil associates her in interest—an interest perverse in the eyes of all Romans—with the most deadly enemy Rome ever had to meet, and with the mythical queen of Carthage, the Cleopatra of his poetical fancy. Dido's tender arts were for Aeneas "Iunonia hospitia," and would bring to mind the equally dangerous blandishments of the Egyptian queen.[1]

This use of Juno in the Aeneid was perhaps made easier and more natural because, as a goddess, she belonged rather to Rome's early enemies than to Rome herself. She was a familiar figure in many or most of the cities mentioned in the pageant—on the Aventine, at Tibur Praeneste and Falerii, in southern Etruria (as Uni), and in Campania.[2] But at Rome, strange to say, she had no great local name and fame in early times, and thus no feelings could be hurt if a Roman poet made her the deadly enemy of Rome.

[1] See my "Religious Experience of the Romans," p. 414 *ff*.

[2] See article Juno in Roscher's "Lexicon," p. 604; Wissowa, "Religion und Kultus" (second edition), p. 187.

Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans"

Lines 629 *ff.*—"The five 'arsenals'":

> "quinque adeo magnae positis incudibus urbes
> tela novant, Atina potens Tiburque superbum,
> Ardea Crustumerique et turrigerae Antemnae."

Then follows an account of the work done in these cities. Why did Virgil name these cities as arsenals? Simply as important ones? But there were others quite as important, and what we should naturally look for is some tradition of metal-working in these centres: but of this I can find no trace, either in history or archæology. Recently Dr. Cirilli has started a theory that the Salii, or dancing priest-warriors of Mars, represent the introduction of metal-working from Crete;[1] and if this were so it would be quite like Virgil to select as his arsenals cities in which Salii were an institution. But the only one of the five where they are known to have existed is Tibur; and in my opinion Dr. Cirilli's theory is quite unnecessary as an explanation of the Salii, and inconsistent with the evidence of archæology, which proves that metal-working came into central Italy from the north, with the people of the terremare.[2]

Of the five towns, Crustumerium and Antemnae were quite near Rome in the Tiber valley, and Tibur not far off; they may stand for arsenals of the Latins and Aequi. Ardea was the chief town of

[1] "Les Prêtres Danseurs de Rome" (Paris, 1913), p. 25, and chap. ii.

[2] Peet, "Stone and Bronze Age in Italy," chaps. xv. and xvi. Modestow, Introduction, pt. i., chaps. iv. and vii.

Turnus and the Rutuli. Atina potens, not far from Arpinum, might serve the needs of the hill tribes, described 706 *ff.* Beyond this I can find no clue to explain their selection.

Lines 647 *ff.*:

> "primus init bellum Tyrrhenis asper ab oris
> contemptor divum Mezentius agminaque armat.
> filius huic iuxta Lausus, quo pulchrior alter
> non fuit excepto Laurentis corpore Turni."

Why does Virgil begin the war, and the pageant, with Mezentius and his beautiful son? There is no geographical reason, and indeed there is no very intelligible geographical order in the show. Mezentius was an Etruscan by birth, and in this sense is said to be "Tyrrhenis asper ab oris," but he had been ejected by his Etruscan subjects as a tyrant, and had taken refuge with the Rutuli;[1] he was no typical Etruscan, and, indeed, the people were at this moment making an alliance with Aeneas. Servius suggests that he was chosen to lead the procession because, being *impius*, more *impius* than any of his comrades, it was fitting that he should be the first to attack *pius* Aeneas.[2] Servius is not far wrong, I think, but the real reason is simply an artistic one. Mezentius must be made prominent as a bad man, and is placed in the forefront, like a strong word at the beginning of a line, to fix him in the reader's mind. In the coming story much is to be made of

[1] See book viii., 481 *ff.*

[2] Servius on line 467.

these two striking figures; the spoils of the father will be the *primitiae* of the war for Aeneas, and the death of the boy is to pierce his heart—and the heart, surely, of his poet, too.[1]

I think that Milton had Mezentius in his mind when he chose Moloch to lead his grisly show of devils; he is *impius, contemptor divum*, beyond any of his fellows. "Mortua quin etiam iungebat corpora vivis," and the horrible torture that follows—all this is reproduced by Milton:

> "First Moloch, horrid king besmeared with blood
> Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears. . . ."

and his *impietas* too:

> "The wisest heart
> Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
> His temple right against the temple of God
> On that opprobrious hill. . . ."

But in the lines of the Latin poet there is other matter of peculiar interest. What is really the meaning of *contemptor divum?* Dr. Henry was, I think, the first to make it perfectly clear that Mezentius was not a blasphemer nor an infidel, appealing rightly to x. 743, where he claims to be judged by Jupiter, whose agent for the moment he was (x. 689). Such characters were indeed unknown, or almost unknown, in primitive society. But Mezentius was one who had so little respect for the divine laws as to commit the enormities ascribed to him: in this respect he was manifestly *contemptor divum.* The point is

[1] For the *primitiae*, xi. 16. Death of Lausus, x. 769 *ff.*

fully argued out, to the length of several pages, in Henry's commentary on vi. 620 :

"Discite iustitiam moniti et non temnere divos,"

and each of these pages is worth attentive study. I find the argument, with its abundant illustration from Greek and Latin literature, quite conclusive: *iustitia* is conceived as obedience to the law of heaven: morality is under the protection of the gods.

Now this was certainly a Greek rather than a Roman or Italian idea:[1] and it has often been asserted that the Roman deities and their cult had nothing to do with morality. But this, as I have observed elsewhere,[2] is going altogether too far; we have only to think of the religious sanction of the oath, and of the religious penalties attached to certain crimes, *e.g.*, parricidium or arson, where the criminal was made over, cursed and consecrated, to the deity most immediately concerned, to satisfy ourselves that the connection between morality and religion was in reality very close—so close that they may well have originated in the same layer of human experience.[3] "Discite iustitiam moniti et non temnere divos"—"set not at naught the divine commandment to be just or righteous." It is satisfactory to find

[1] Farnell, "Higher Aspects of the Greek Religion," *passim*.

[2] "Religious Experience of the Romans," p. 226 *ff.*; and on the general question see McDougall, "Social Psychology," p. 313.

[3] See "The Original Meaning of the Word 'Sacer,'" *Journal of Roman Studies*, vol. i., p. 57 *ff.*

Virgil emphasizing this in the Augustan age, in spite of the very different ideas of his great predecessor Lucretius. Mezentius did things that the gods could not put up with, because they violated the established rules of right and wrong.

Henry aptly refers to another passage of our poet, this time in book i.[1] Ilioneus, Aeneas' messenger, having demanded justice of Dido, having required her to deal with him and the Trojans according to the immutable principles of justice, reminds her of the sanction of the gods, and warns her not to despise that sanction, *non temnere divos:*

> "si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma,
> at sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi,"

where, if I am not mistaken, Virgil is practically inventing a new genitive for "fas" and "nefas," *i.e.*, right and wrong in the sight of the gods.[2]

Lines 655 *ff.*—Aventinus:

> "Post hos insignem palma per gramina currum
> victoresque ostentat equos satus Hercule pulchro
> pulcher Aventinus, clipeoque insigne paternum

[1] Lines 542-543. Cp. 603-605.

[2] The view taken by Virgil was emphatically put by Cicero in the previous generation: Nat. Deor. i. 2, 3, Haud scio an, pietate adversus deos sublata, fides etiam et societas generis humani et una excellentissima virtus, iustitia, tollatur. Cp. de Off. iii. 28; Fin. iv. 11; and other passages quoted by Mayor in his note on Nat. Deor., *loc. cit.* Servius tells us that by fandum et infandum the poet meant iustitia and iniustitia.

centum anguis, cinctamque gerit serpentibus Hydram;
collis Aventini silva quem Rhea sacerdos
furtivum partu sub luminis edidit oras,
mixta deo mulier, postquam Laurentia victor
Geryone exstincto Tirythius attigit arva,
Tyrrhenoque boves in flumine lavit Hiberas.
pila manu saevosque gerunt in bella dolones,
et tereti pugnant mucrone veruque Sabello.
ipse pedes, tegimen torquens immane leonis,
terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis
indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat,
horridus Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu."

My belief is that the lines properly referring to this chief are 655-663, and that the six that follow probably belong elsewhere; but this I will explain directly, merely noting here that nine lines are as much as we might expect to be given to Aventinus, seeing that Mezentius himself has only had eight, and that the twins of Tibur had to be content with the same number. Caeculus of Praeneste and his following have thirteen, but he was a much more famous personage than the mythical Aventinus, of whom no one seems to have heard till Virgil invented him and his birth-legend.[1] Why he should have been brought into the pageant I do not quite understand: but it may be that the poet wished to have one chieftain from the site of the future Rome, and keeping the other hills for the next book and the voyage of Aeneas up the Tiber, chose that one which was less truly Roman than the rest. The Aventine was outside the ancient *pomerium*, or sacred

[1] Merlin, "L'Aventin" (a useful monograph), p. 264.

boundary, of the Roman city: it was perhaps wild pasture ground belonging to the people of the Palatine, until it became the home of the "plebs" and of the worships of a new population.[1]

Virgil paints Aventinus as parading his war-chariot "per gramina," and connects him with the legend of Cacus, to be recounted in the next book, by making him the son of the conqueror of that monster and a priestess Rhea, about whom it is better not to speculate. If we stop at line 663, there is nothing in all this to trouble us; but if we go on to read the next six lines as relating to the same man and his followers, we are at once in difficulties. The word "gerunt," as we have already noticed, has no subject, and thus misled Dr. Henry into giving the whole pageant a political meaning. In line 665 the men are armed "veru *Sabello*"; but the Aventine had no sort of connection with the Sabines. In the next line, if we still take these lines as a description of Aventinus, we suddenly find that he has got down from his chariot, and wears a new and savage fighting garb, which is surely inconsistent with the courtly mien of one who was just now showing off his splendid horses (satus Hercule *pulchro pulcher* Aventinus):

> "ipse pedes, tegimen torquens immane leonis,
> terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis
> indutus capiti."

[1] Merlin, "L'Aventin," pp. 26-92. "Religious Experience," p. 233 *ff*.

Surely this is the war-paint of a very rude chief of foot-soldiers: the metamorphosis is too sudden: there is something wrong about the lines, which must be either an unfinished fragment, or in their wrong place. I incline to the latter solution, and will venture to suggest that they really belong to the Sabine Ufens, whose description is very briefly, almost abruptly, told in lines 744-749. Why they should have got out of their place in early copies of the Aeneid I cannot explain, unless possibly the "Herculeus amictus" of line 669 was taken by the first editors as belonging to the son of Hercules (Aventinus). But if we apply this line to Ufens it fits in quite naturally; Hercules was well known among the Sabines.[1] The lion-skin (666) suggests that Virgil had in his mind some figure of Hercules, though I do not find that the lion's head was ever made into a helmet for the god. This may, however, be a detail of Etruscan art, which loved the grotesque and all "frightfulness." It was apparently an old Italian practice to wear the skin of an animal, often a victim, over the head.[2]

[1] See "Myth. Lex." vol. ii., p. 3005 *ff.*

[2] Cp. l. 688 of this book and xi.-680, and Wissowa, "Religion and Kultus," p. 499 and reference. On the wearing of skins in religious rites in general, see Eitrem, "Opferritus," p. 374 *ff.*

The following description of a war-coat of the present day is from "The Pagan Tribes of Borneo," by Hose and McDougall, vol. i., p. 163, but it does not quite include a use of the animal's head as a helmet: "The war-coat is made of the skin of the goat, the bear, or (in the case of distinguished chiefs) of the tiger-cat. The whole of the skin in one piece is used, except that the skin of the belly and of the lower parts

I do not believe that Virgil would have written these six lines of description, the portrait of a savage chieftain in war-paint, to mark the hero of a hill on the site of Rome, and within a stone's throw of the city of the civilized Evander, to be described in the next book. I will therefore write them here as following on the description of Ufens, and leave it to the reader to decide whether or no they may be thought to belong there:

> "et te montosae misere in praelia Nursae,
> Ufens, insignem fama et felicibus armis,
> horrida praecipue cui gens adsuetaque multo
> venatu nemorum, duris Aequicola glebis.
> Armati terram exercent semperque recentis
> convectare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto.
> pila manu saevosque gerunt in bella dolones,
> et tereti pugnant mucrone veruque Sabello.
> Ipse pedes, tegimen torquens immane leonis,
> terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis
> indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat,
> horridus Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu."

The last two of these lines, I confess, are still far from clear to my mind, and suggest unfinished workmanship. "Sic regia tecta subibat," what can this mean? If it is the palace of Latinus that he enters,

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of the fore-limbs are cut away. A hole for the warrior's head is made in the dorsal line a little behind the skin of the head, which is flattened out and hangs over the chest, . . . while the skin of back, flanks, and hind limbs, in one large flap, covers the back and hind parts of the warrior as far as the bend of the knees."

what did he want there? Merely to greet or cheer the shrinking king? But none of the other chiefs seem to be anywhere near Laurentum at the moment their portraits are taken: though at the beginning of the next book Turnus takes the lead and gives the war-signal from the walls of that city. On the other hand, the twins of Tibur, who follow immediately in the procession, "Tiburtia moenia linquunt," "et primam ante aciem densa inter tela feruntur."

We may assume then that Aventinus stuck to his chariot, as beseemed a great prince setting out for war (cp. 782). But here an interesting question presents itself: is Virgil going on any archæological knowledge when he makes the war-chariot an early Italian institution?

> "post hos insignem palma per gramina currum
> victoresque ostentat equos. . . ."

Or is he simply taking it over from Homer?

It is probable, writes Dr. Stuart Jones, that this mode of fighting was learnt by the Romans from the Etruscans: bronze chariots have been found at several sites in Etruria, and early terra-cotta plaques are preserved which show the chieftain mounting his car.[1] There is no need to conclude that Virgil is simply imitating Homer. If this be so, and the war-

[1] "Companion to Roman History," p. 195. Chariots on terra-cottas have also been found at Rome, belonging to the sixth or early fifth century (see *J.R.S.*, 1914, p. 184), in one of which the driver is about to mount. Cp. p. 188 (sixth century). Mrs. Van Buren, the writer of this article, cites a work on Italian "Rennwagen," which I have not seen.

chariot was an Etruscan institution, as we know that the triumph was,[1] then the dress and outfit of the *triumphator* were probably those of the old Etruscan chieftain. It is commonly asserted (and I have asserted it myself) that these were simply imitated from the statue of Jupiter in the (Etruscan) temple on the Capitol.[2] But the "toga picta," the face painted red, the sceptre, everything except the thunderbolt (and I cannot find that the *triumphator* carried this), was as natural for a chief as for a god;[3] and as chiefs may be supposed to have ridden in chariots before gods did so, I begin to suspect that we have been all wrong, and that when Jupiter first mounted a chariot they dressed him like a sacred chief, and gave him the four horses with which they distinguished such a chief. The four-horse chariot is not simply a mythical property of the Sun or of Jupiter, though it came eventually to be a dis-

[1] Müller-Deecke, "Etrusker," ii. 199.

[2] Or taken out of his temple. But I cannot find, in the best account of the triumph I know of, Aust's in his Iuppiter article in Roscher's "Lexicon," p. 726, any satisfactory evidence of this.

[3] It is Mrs. Strong who gives him the thunderbolt ("Apotheosis and After-Life," p. 64). She also claims that the triumphator actually *was* Jupiter; but this does not seem to fit in with the reminder that the slave behind him kept on uttering, "Hominem te esse memento." The face reddened with minium is no argument; it was used, as it is still in many parts of the world, for producing certain effects, religious or warlike, or both, in the human being (Virg. Ecl. vi. 22, x. 27; Tibull. ii. 1, 55; and "Religious Experience," p. 89, note 46).

tinguishing mark of these deities.[1] It occurs in x. 570 and in xii. 162, and in this last passage the poet alludes to its association with the Sun:

> "ingenti mole Latinus
> quadriiugo vehitur curru (cui tempora circum
> aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
> Solis avi specimen),"

but I am inclined to think that it was part of the old Etruscan regal outfit, and so found its way into the Roman triumph. It is worth noting that Dionysius makes Romulus triumph in a quadriga in order that he might maintain the kingly dignity.[2] And so it became very naturally the attribute of the god of the heaven.

Lines 670 *ff.*—"The Twins of Tibur":

> "tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt,
> Fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,
> Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiva iuventus. . . ."

I do not think it has been noticed that the twin-legend, or twin-superstition, was not confined to the Roman twins, but has left its traces in the neighbourhood—*i.e.*, in those Latin cities which, like Rome, were early affected by Greek influences coming from Campania and Sicily. I do not indeed assert that the twin-legend must necessarily have

[1] See Aust's article in Roscher, p. 736; Mrs. Strong, "Apotheosis and After-Life," p. 64.

[2] ii. 34: quoted by Heinze, Virgil's "Epische Technik," p. 197 note.

come from Greece, where it was especially connected with Sparta and her kings, as we know from Herodotus (v. 75): I think the foundation stories of twins may quite possibly have been indigenous in Italy, and that the legend of the Dioscuri may have fastened itself upon them. In any case we must reckon all kinds of twin-stories together, whatever be their origin and local colouring, for we now know that they are found in many parts of the world, and are connected with many curious customs and delusions.[1] But if we find twin-legends at Rome, Tibur, Praeneste, and Tusculum, and also at the lake Regillus which lay among these cities, all of which were traditionally affected by Greek culture at a very early period (as archæological investigation tends to prove), we may presume that such Italian basis as there may have been for these tales was probably overlaid with Greek invention.

At Tibur, if Virgil rightly presents the legend, I should be inclined to see a foundation-legend overlaid with some story of the Dioscuri. Servius says that three brethren came to Italy and founded Tibur, which took the name of the eldest brother, the two younger being the twins whom Virgil represents as leading the army of Tibur against the Trojans. In the foundation-legend of Praeneste (of which a word directly), twins do not appear, but Servius (line 678) tells us that the mother of Caeculus had two brothers, "*qui divi appellabantur*"; and these, if I am not mis-

[1] See "Golden Bough" (third edition), vol. i., p. 48 *ff.* and p. 262 *ff.* (based on the researches of Dr. Rendel Harris).

taken, are the Dioscuri insinuating themselves where they had no particular right to be.

At Tusculum the cult of the Dioscuri was in historical times well established,[1] and with this city the story of the Regillus battle was closely connected. It is interesting to find that the twin-legends are constantly associated with water, just as the Dioscuri had special relation to shipping and its various perils. In some parts of the world twins can procure rain, and Sir J. G. Frazer tells us that in one part of Africa they are always buried near a lake.[2] One may be pardoned for remarking that the battle of the lake Regillus, the only one in Roman history which takes its name from a lake, is also the only one associated with the cult of the Twins. The story may, however, be a replica of the Greek legend of the appearance of the twins at the great battle of the river Sagra (again by water) between Lokri and Croton (Cic. de Nat. Deor. iii. 11 *ff.*).

Lines 674 *ff.*:

> "ceu duo nubigenae cum vertice montis ab alto
> descendunt Centauri Homolen Othrymque nivalem
> linquentes cursu rapido: dat euntibus ingens
> silva locum et magno cedunt virgulta fragore."

This striking simile has been rather hardly treated by commentators, both ancient and modern. Even Dr. Henry seems to me to be quite at sea about it, though positive that everyone else has totally mis-

[1] See Wissowa, "Religion und Kultus" (second edition), p. 268.

[2] "Golden Bough" (third edition), vol. i., p. 268.

understood it. He insisted that *silva* and *virgulta* are one and the same thing, and when confronted with the epithet *ingens* attached to *silva* he translated it "the mighty brushwood, the brushwood considered in respect of its extent." This seems to me to put him out of court, for the picture he suggests is of a mountain clothed with brushwood all the way down, and this was most certainly not what was in Virgil's mind. The real picture is surely one of alpine regions, and cannot be realized (*visualized* is now the favourite word) any more than Tennyson's idyll in the Princess ("Come down, O Maid") by anyone who is not familiar with real mountain landscapes in time of storm and snow.

The picture that rises in my mind is that of a mountain range, whose summits are hidden in cloud, below which the snow is visible between the cloud and the pine-forests; below the broad steep slopes of dark pines, the *silva*, are the belts of deciduous trees and underwood (*virgulta*)—the underwood in which I have so often watched the warmth-loving birds of the Alps, the Pied Flycatcher or Bonelli's Warbler. These four stages of the clothing of the mountain seem to me clearly expressed by the poet. First the Centaurs are *nubigenae*, their lair is up there in the clouds;[1] there they were born, and thence they begin

[1] Heyne saw this, and Conington quoting him with approval says that such an idea may have occurred to Virgil in the present connection. But most of the tribe simply tell us that the Centaurs were the offspring of Ixion and a cloud in the shape of Juno. Virgil is giving a new and pregnant meaning to the old epithet.

their swift descent; the reader is left to imagine that lair for himself, and what they did there. Secondly, they cross and leave behind them the stretches of snow below the cloud: "Homolen Othrymque nivalem linquentes cursu rapido." Thirdly, they force their way through the pinewoods, the *ingens silva*, but not by tearing up the trees or breaking them down, for the trees give way before them—*dat euntibus ingens silva locum*. Fourthly, once through the broad belts of pine, they come crashing down to the valley through the underwoods (*magno cedunt virgulta fragore*)—that is, with noise which those in the valley can now hear plainly.

This is the splendid picture in my mind as I read these lines, and there it will always be in spite of all commentators. That any of these should have set themselves to find fault with such lines seems to me the height of human imbecility; but they have done so. "This beautiful description is unhappily closed. Nothing can be greater than 'dat euntibus ingens silva locum.' It should not have been followed by 'magno cedunt virgulta fragore.'"[1]

Line 678—"Praeneste and the Caeculus-legend": Praeneste, the famous city set upon a hill, or rather a hillside, had just been founded (so the poet imagines), and her founder Caeculus leads her contingent to the war. The lines 678-681 are interest-

[1] See references in Henry, p. 598 *ff*. Servius seems to have set the ball rolling; but as a critic of style Servius may be ignored.

ing, as containing the earliest mention of the legend of Caeculus, about whom Servius has more to tell us, though hardly of more value—*e.g.*, how after the foundation he exhibited games, to which the neighbouring cities were invited; how he proclaimed himself son of Vulcan the fire-god; and how sceptics were convinced by the sudden appearance of fire hovering about them. Virgil says nothing of the virgin-birth of Caeculus,[1] of which Servius tells us—viz., that he was born of the virgin sister of the two brethren of Praeneste, and the fire-god in the form of a spark which leapt on her from the hearth. The same type of story was told of the birth of Servius Tullius, and even of the Roman twins, if we can accept the evidence of a mysterious writer, Promathion, quoted by Plutarch in his "Life of Romulus," chap. ii., but never once mentioned by any other author.

These stories have been seized upon by the ingenious author of the "Golden Bough," and brought together to support a theory that "the old Latin kings were commonly supposed to be sons of the fire-god by a mortal mother."[2] Strange to say, in spite of all his vast collections of legend and ritual, Sir J. G. Frazer is quite unable to parallel these stories

[1] "Volcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem, Inventumque focis omnis quem credidit aetas." *Pecora agrestia* seems only to mean that there was no city on the lofty pastures of Praeneste when Caeculus was born.

[2] "Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship," p. 218 *ff.*

from any other part of the world. And even at Praeneste the tale could not have been of great force, for there was another, Servius tells us, according to which the son was called Caeculus because he had sore eyes from sitting too near the fire. Even this has been turned to account by a modern mythologist. M. S. Reinach, in his "Cultes Mythes et Religions" (iii. 206), uses it to explain the attitude of what he believes to be a figure of Vesta on a stone altar at Mavilly (Côte-d'Or, France), holding her hands before her eyes.

These local legends, pressed eagerly into the service of theories, are apt to occupy too much room in mythological discussion. It seems probable that there was in this corner of Latium some story of the hearth-fire and its spirit, of which we cannot honestly say that we possess the real original form. It is by no means certain that it was applied, in the simple society of immigrant settlers from the *terremare* of the north, to deities or great personages such as kings and chiefs. But as in the case of other rude Italian tales, such as that of Mars and Anna Perenna, it might easily become attached in the telling, often repeated by the winter fireside with endless variation, to figures prominent in the popular fiction of the day. As I wrote in "Roman Festivals" (p. 53), these are only ancient stories of ordinary human beings, based on some rude custom of house or farm; and they survived simply because in course of time they became attached to the persons of the gods, as these slowly gained personality. Fire-stories seem to have been

favourites; for in Virgil we have another, told both of Ascanius and of Lavinia, of fire playing round the head of someone destined for a great future.[1]

> "id vero horrendum et visu mirabile ferri:
> namque fore illustrem fama fatisque canebant
> ipsam, sed populo magnum portendere bellum."
> (vii. 78-80.)

Thus it is easy to see why, when stories of the founder of a city were in request, the old wine of folklore might be put into new bottles.

Lines 681 *ff.*:

> "hunc legio late comitatur agrestis:
> quique altum Praeneste viri quique arva Gabinae
> Iunonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida rivis
> Hernica saxa colunt, quos dives Anagnia pascit,
> quos, Amasene pater. non illis omnibus arma
> nec clipei currusve sonant; pars maxima glandes
> liventis plumbi spargit, pars spicula gestat
> bina manu, fulvosque lupi de pelle galeros
> tegmen habent capiti; vestigia nuda sinistri
> instituere pedis, crudus tegit altera pero."

Caeculus heads a levy from the district round, of hill and valley: the ploughland of Gabii, where is a famous cult of Juno, Anagnia of the Hernici, the vale of the Anio among the hills, and the Amasenus flowing southwards to the sea among the heights of the Volsci. The mention of this last river among the belongings of Praeneste is curious; at its nearest point

[1] These last belong to the department of portents, and suggest that the others might be treated in the same way. Fire-portents were numerous: for specimens, see Julius Obsequens (Jahn's edition), pp. 27, 41, 44, 47.

it is full thirty miles away from that city, and one would expect it to be mentioned later on, when we come to Camilla and the Volsci (see xi. 547). But Virgil evidently wishes to impress on his reader the early greatness of Praeneste: for it was a great city in his own time, and it is possible that he had some personal reason for celebrating it. It was one of those towns near Rome which Augustus *praecipue frequentavit*, as Suetonius tells us (Aug. 72 and 82).[1] The Praenestine troops are of course on foot, like those of Tibur; their war-dress and equipment are various. Whether the poet had any antiquarian foundation for these we cannot very well know.

Long notes have been written about lines 689-690.—Here the fact is oddly expressed, but the meaning is clear; these slingers, as they mostly were ("pars maxima glandes Liventis plumbi spargit"), had the left foot naked, while on the right they wore a boot. And the reason is as plain as the meaning: a *right-handed man* needs a left foot as free as possible, to grip the ground as he discharges his missile. One does not need the learning of Macrobius' note on this passage to realise that simple fact, though in other ways the note is valuable (Sat. v. 18, 13 *ff.*). If as he says the Aetolians went into action with the left foot bare, we may guess that, like their neighbours the

[1] It is possible that Verrius Flaccus, who was tutor to the grandsons of Augustus, was a native of Praeneste. At any rate he was intimately connected with it, as the author of the "Fasti Praenestini," of which we still possess a considerable part. (See "Roman Festivals," p. 12.)

Acarnanians (Thucyd. ii. 81), they were mostly slingers. Anyone who has bowled a cricket-ball with his right hand knows how essential is the grip of his left foot; and the action of a slinger was much the same as that of a bowler (see a cut of a slinger from the column of Trajan in the "Dictionary of Antiquities," second edition, s.v. Funda). The naked foot would of course give a much better grip than one wearing a *pero*, as was clear to Thucydides (iii. 22).

Lines 691 *ff.*—"Falerii and the region round it":

"At Messapus, equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
quem neque fas igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro,
iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello
agmina in arma vocat subito ferrumque retractat.
hi Fescenninas acies aequosque Faliscos,
hi Soractis habent arces Flaviniaque arva,
et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos.
ibant aequati numero regemque canebant:
ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni
cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros
dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe
pulsa palus.
nec quisquam aeratas acies ex agmine tanto
misceri putet, aëriam sed gurgite ab alto
urgeri volucrum raucarum ad litora nubem."

There are many interesting points in these lines, but they are not easy to handle. Let us notice, to begin with, how Virgil tries to give variety and interest to the "catalogue," wishing no doubt to avoid the flatness of the Homeric one. After treating the forces of the Praenestine clans as more or less wild

and unkempt (*legio agrestis*), slingers with wolf-skin headgear, destitute of horses and chariots, he takes flight north-westwards across the Tiber valley and lands us in a region of comparative order and civilisation. The centre of this region was Falerii, with which Virgil joins Fescennium, no doubt because he wants to emphasise the civilisation; for whether or not the Roman drama really owed its origin to this city, the tradition was matter of common belief.[1] Both cities were reputed Etruscan, but of Falerii at least we know that the Etruscan element was rather a veneer than a substantial character; recent researches and excavations have shown Latin and Hellenic elements as well.[2] They have also shown the great size and importance of Falerii and its suburb or appendage known now as Narce. Juno was here a great deity, and her "sacred marriage," described charmingly by Ovid ("Amores," iii. 13), is almost unmistakably Greek, suggesting a penetration of Greek religious rites at a very early period into central Italy.[3]

The king or chief of this region seems to have no particular business to be there, for he was the eponymous hero of Messapia or Calabria. Conington noted this, and also that Servius tells us how Ennius claimed to be descended from Messapus; but he did not see that Virgil was here taking advantage of an-

[1] See Schanz, "Gesch. der Röm. Litt.," vol. i., p. 21.

[2] The results of excavation were recorded by Barnabei in the "Monumenti Inediti," vol. iv., p. 1 *ff.* See also Deecke's "Falisker."

[3] "Roman Festivals" p. 223.

other literary tradition (besides that of Fescennium) to give the tone he wanted to this king and his people, or at any rate to suggest it to those who knew.

Messapus in these lines seems a very sacred person: he is descended from Neptunus, whose proper Italian home seems to have been in this very district. The deity's son Halaesus was the eponymous hero of Falerii,[1] and the name of the town of Nepet, quite close to Falerii, strongly suggests some local connection. Then, too, Messapus was inviolable by mortal weapon:

"quem neque *fas* igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro,"

where it is more important for us to be clear that *fas* here suggests the sacred personality of the ancient kingship, than to waste time in trying to find out what Virgil meant by *ignis*.[2] Lastly, the warriors who followed him sang of him as they marched in rhythmical measure (*aequati numero*), where perhaps Virgil is thinking of the rhythmical movements accompanying the singing of the Salii. However this may be, Messapus must have been in some sense one of Sir J. G. Frazer's divine kings. As a king of pacific policy he reminds us of Numa; but now

"iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello
agmina in arma vocat subito ferrumque retractat."

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[1] Deecke, "Falisker," p. 103. "Roman Festivals," p. 185, note 3.

[2] See ix. 521-522, xii. 298, where (in presence, as it happens, of Messapus) a Trojan seizes a brand from the altar and attacks a Latin with it.

Another word that suggests this character for the king and his people is the *aequos* applied to the men of Falerii. I have no hesitation in following Servius here,[1] who adverts to the tradition that the *ius fetiale* originated at Falerii, and gives *aequos* the sense of "righteous" ("iustos"). No other suggested explanation of the word is so much in harmony with the general colouring of the picture. Mr. Mackail, it is true, translates "the Faliscan levels"; but Falerii is among the hills, and was built on a strong rocky position falling steeply to the stream that ran down to the Tiber from the Ciminian lake.

A word about two other points. In the lines

> "hi Fescenninas acies, aequosque Faliscos,
> hi Soractis habent arces. . . ."

the puzzle has always been to make out what is meant by *acies* and *arces* respectively: and *acies* has often been judged corrupt, owing to the harshness of the zeugma with which it and *arces* are held together by the verb "habent." True, the passage may have been left unfinished: but there are the two words, and we must make the best of them. What shall we say of *arces?* There was no town on Soracte at any time,

[1] True, on x. 14 Servius gives a different account, according to which Ancus Martius sent to the *gens Aequiculana* for the *ius fetiale*, following Livy, i. 32, who himself followed a tradition suggested by the name Aequi and Aequicoli. Dionysius has another story connecting the *ius* with *Ardea* (ii. 71). Undoubtedly it was common to the Italic peoples who migrated from the north and developed their civilization in the period of the *terremare*.

nor any fortified place that we know of. But Conington sends us to Georg. ii. 535 for an example of the use of *arces* "of mountain heights," to which when we turn, we find that the mountain heights are those of the several hills of Rome! There is no parallel between these and Soracte: and I do not remember any passage in which our poet uses *arx* of any place but a hill within a city, for which, in fact, it was reserved in a special sense. "Arx ab arcendo," says Varro, "quod is locus munitissimus urbis, a quo facillime possit hostis prohiberi."[1] Is it possible that *arces* and *acies* got into wrong lines through a "slip of the pen" (or of the eye), either of the poet himself or an early copyist, and that we should read "Fescenninas arces" and "Soractis acies"? If so, I should understand "acies" as meaning "sharp edges"—*arêtes*, as they are called in the Alps. "Acies" is not a technical word like "arx," and might be used in many different ways. Soracte is about 2,420 feet high, and its outline is a striking one, as all know who have ever been at Rome. But for "acies" in this sense I can find no parallel in the "Thesaurus Latinitatis."

The description of Messapus and his men should end, I feel sure, with the imperfect line *pulsa palus*. Here there is a pause, as in ii. 767, iii. 218, and other incomplete lines,[2] and to take up the same subject again with another simile of the same kind, is quite unlike Virgil. The first one is Homeric and

[1] "De Lingua Latina," v. 151.

[2] See Appendix at the end of this work.

beautiful[1] ("ceu quondam nivei," etc.): it owes nothing to Apollonius Rhodius, though Conington tells us that it does. The second, "Nec quisquam aeratas acies," etc., adds nothing, and is, in fact, an awkward translation from Apollonius, iv. 238 *ff.* How it got into its position in the passage I cannot of course explain, but that it has no business there I am clear. The best guess I can make is that it was written as an alternative, and embodied in the text by the first editors, who would not wish to excise it altogether.

Let me add that those who may wish to know what the ancients thought and wrote about swans will find it all in Prof. Darcy Thompson's "Glossary of Greek Birds," p. 104 *ff.*: a book of real and even astonishing learning, but far too little known and used, especially on the Continent.

Lines 706 *ff.*—"The Sabines of the mountains":

> "Ecce Sabinorum prisco de sanguine magnum
> agmen agens Clausus magnique ipse agminis instar,
> Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens

[1] Cp. Iliad, ii. 459: a simile perhaps more true to fact than Virgil's, or at least more exact in detail, but hardly so beautiful. It reminds me of what could be seen from the train window of the birds in the marshes of the Cayster, while we were travelling to Ephesus from Smyrna and back again some years ago. Here it is:

> Τῶν δ' ὥς τ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ,
> Χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,
> Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι, Καϋστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα,
> Ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται, ἀγαλλόμενα πτερύγεσσιν,
> Κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμών,
> Ὣς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν, κ.τ.λ.

per Latium, postquam in partem data Roma Sabinis.
una ingens Amiterna cohors priscique Quirites,
Ereti manus omnis oliviferaeque Mutuscae;
qui Nomentum urbem, qui Rosea rura Velini,
que Tetricae horrentis rupes montemque Severum
Casperiamque colunt Forulosque et flumen Himellae,
qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit
Nursia, et Ortinae classes populique Latini,
quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen:
quam multi Libyco volvuntur marmore fluctus
saevus ubi Orion hibernis conditur undis,
vel cum sole novo densae torrentur aristae
aut Hermi campo aut Lyciae flaventibus arvis.

There is no need to trouble about Virgil's chronology. His Clausus is not the Clausus of Livy, ii. 16, who migrated to Rome in 502 B.C., and founded the gens and tribus Claudia, but an idealised eponymous ancestor of these, "belonging to an age anterior to the Romans: which indisputably agrees with the spirit of the early ages" (Niebuhr, "History of Rome," vol. i., p. 560). In lines 708-709, Virgil seems to confuse the original amalgamation of Palatine and Quirinal settlements with the immigration of Clausus: but for his purposes this is of no consequence.

The region to which he now transports us, the Abruzzi of modern Italy, affords another variation on his theme, and a good contrast with the last group of warriors. The towns here are few and small, Amiternum, Nomentum, Eretum, Nursia: there is no great centre like Falerii. We are here almost in the backbone of Italy, and hear the names of rivers and mountains rather than of towns; and the fighting men are on foot, as we should expect of mountaineers.

This is made plain by the last line (722), "Scuta sonant *pulsuque pedum* conterrita tellus." Miss Macdonell, at the beginning of her interesting book, "In the Abruzzi," says that the modern Italian knows less of the Abruzzi than did the ancient Roman: and that the folk of the narrow valleys and lofty townships are often strangers to each other. Virgil himself does not seem quite at home here; he follows no regular geographical order: he begins with Amiternum on one road, and jumps to Eretum on another: and so too with Foruli and Casperia. Then he flies to "cold Nursia" in the far north, and back again to the Tiber valley and the fateful stream of the Allia. Here there are two very puzzling names: "*Hortinae* classes populique *Latini*": but H. Nettleship pointed out to Conington what is the most likely solution. In Pliny's list of 53 Latin towns which "interiere sine vestigiis," two follow each other which resemble these two in the sound of their names: Hortenses and Latinienses. And as Latinienses must be from *Latinium*, I suspect that "Latini" in verse 716 is a genitive. How Virgil got hold of these names is a mystery which might be explained easily enough if we had a key to it—but this we never can have. Let me just add that this is one among many instances of Nettleship's acuteness in such matters; of which I can bear personal witness.

Here for the first time we find Juno missing. Servius says she had a home at Eretum, but this may be only an inference from the name (Hera). But no deity of either sex is mentioned in these lines, nor is

there any religious reference. The fact was that Romans (among whom we may reckon Virgil for literary purposes) did not take an interest in the deities of these wild and distant regions. The great Sabine deity Vacuna is not mentioned either by Virgil or Servius, though the poet was close upon her at Reate and the lacus Velinus;[1] Rome had no use for her, as she had for Juno Regina of Veii or Diana of Aricia.

Line 722, "Scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus," marks again the contrast of these wild warriors with the cultured men of Falerii, who sang the praises of their king as they marched in measured time. I have little doubt that Henry is right in translating "Their shields resound with the striking of the spears, and the earth with the tramp of their feet." The line would exactly suit the action of the Salii, who were almost certainly a priestly survival of the old Italian warrior. These struck their *ancilia* with something that cannot quite be called a spear—something that Dionysius, who had seen it, has a difficulty in describing, but hardly a drumstick, as it has recently been called. In the well-known relief of Anagnia, of which a cut will be found in Miss Harrison's "Themis," p. 195, or in the "Dictionary of Antiquities," s.v. Salii,[2] if the figures there are Salii, as I

[1] Plin. iii. 109. The best account of Vacuna is still the one in Preller's "Röm. Mythologie" (Jordan's edition), vol. i., p. 408.

[2] Mr. Marindin's common-sense article in the "Dictionary" is still the best account of the Salii known to me. Lately the

have no doubt they are—Salii that is of the local type—the staves they carry, with knobs at each end, are much too long to be held in the middle and used like kettledrum-sticks. So, too, the Roman *pilum*, which Virgil knew, was much too long to have its metal point rattled against the shield: it was about six feet in length and meant for hurling.

Yet Virgil clearly, here and elsewhere, imagines the shields struck with something: "sanguineus Mavors clipeo increpat" (xii. 332), which (as Conington points out on viii. 3) is imitated by Silius, xii. 683:[1] Turnus, too, in viii. 3, "impulit arma," to frighten the enemy and rouse the spirits of his own men. What was it that they did to make an exhilarating noise? Perhaps the sword was used: perhaps the centre of the spear, held in the right hand, was rattled against the shield in the left.

Lines 723-743—"Samnites of Campania":

Again, clearly for purposes of contrast, Virgil turns southward to the Oscan peoples; but he is going to return immediately (again for the sake of contrast) to the mountains of central Italy. These lines

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subject has been discussed by Cirilli, "Les Prêtres Danseurs de Rome," p. 95; *cf.* Mrs. Strong in *J.R.S.*, 1914, p. 150. The Salii did not carry a sword; but the real warrior did, and may well have used it to make a noise at the beginning of a fight.

[1] Silius as usual elaborates the operation: "Rursus in arma vocat trepidos, clipeoque tremendum Increpat, atque armis imitatur murmura caeli."

are perhaps the least interesting of the whole pageant, though the poet knew this Oscan country much better than the mountains. Perhaps familiarity took the edge off his imaginative powers. These peoples fall into two groups: (1) those to the north of the Volturnus, including Cales (where there was a cult of Juno),[1] and the Aurunci, on the picturesque coast from Tarracina to Caieta: (2) Campania proper, and the region of Vesuvius, with the little river Sarnus to the south of it, on which Pompeii afterwards stood. Having no special characteristics to bring out, Virgil tries what can be done with ancient weapons, and Servius comments on this without much knowledge. But nothing seems as yet to have been made, even by archæologists and the new "Thesaurus" of Latin, of *aclydes*[2] and *cateiae*. *Falcati enses* reminds me that the sickle is a well-known bronze form in S. Italy,[3] and line 743 seems to suggest that Virgil was conscious of a bronze age: "aerataeque micant peltae, micat

[1] C.I.L., x. 4660.

[2] Servius tells us that these two weapons were much the same in principle, very ancient; they were said to be clubs a cubit and a half long, studded with points or nails, and fastened with thongs or lines in order to get them back when flung at the enemy. (See Lersch, "Antiq. Vergil," sec. 40.) In the "Pagan Tribes of Borneo," i. 181, we read of "heavy bars of ironwood, sharpened at both ends, which were hurled in the defence of a house so that the bar twirls in the air as it hurtles through it." I should like to know whether this weapon is secured by a line: it seems probable, as otherwise it might be made use of by the enemy.

[3] Peet, "Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy," p. 423.

aereus ensis." The helmet of cork is interesting: "tegmina quis capitum *raptus de subere cortex*." "Suber" is the *Quercus suber* of science, and was known in Italy, but did not then grow there, as Pliny proves.[1] Cato, de Agric., 120 speaks of cork used for wine-bottling, and Pliny tells us that then, as now, cork was used for ladies' shoes in winter.

Line 740 is famous for the curious story that Virgil wrote originally,

"Et quos maliferae despectant moenia Nolae,"

and afterwards changed "Nolae" to "Abellae" (no doubt this should be read, not "Bellae"), owing to a quarrel with the people of Nola. This story first appears in Aulus Gellius (vi. 20), who says that he found it "in quodam commentario." (The date of Gellius is about the middle of the second century of the Empire.) Vergilius, he says, asked the Nolani to let him use a river, which must have been the Clanius, to irrigate certain lands: whether these were his own property or not does not appear, but at any rate the request was refused. Two centuries later Servius, commenting on this passage, says that the change was made "propter sibi negatum hospitium": but the Servian Interpolator adds the story about the water, quoting Gellius as his authority. We may accept the tradi-

[1] Plin. xvi. 34; Hehn, "Kulturpflanzen," p. 473, who also quotes Plutarch "Camillus," 25 for a story (not in Livy) that Camillus used corks to cross the Tiber when relieving Rome from the Gauls.

tion of a quarrel, but the story about the water may have arisen out of Georg. ii. 224-225:

> "talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
> ora iugo et vacuis Clanius non aequus Acerris,"

where "Nola" is said to have been changed to "Ora." The Clanius apparently used to overflow, and might be supposed to have some water to spare for the poet's purposes. It is impossible to get at the truth: but the story shows at least how keen was the personal interest in the poet felt in the neighbourhood which he loved: he had a house, we are told in the life supposed to be by Suetonius, at Rome, near Maecenas' gardens, *quanquam secessu Campaniae Siciliaeque plurimum uteretur.*

Line 744 *ff*: Here we return to the hills, beginning with those of the Aequi. Conington says that Nersae is not mentioned elsewhere: but Pliny writes (N.H. xxv. 86), "Nostra aetas meminit herbam in Marsis repertam. Nascitur in Aequicolis circa vicum *Nervesiae*, vocatur consiligo." This is probably Virgil's Nersae: if it ever had been a city, it had become a *vicus* in his and Pliny's time.

I have already suggested that the lines 664-669 may belong here—*i.e.*, after line 749. And for "Armati terram exercent" I found a modern parallel in Tristram's "Land of Israel," p. 575, and published it in the *Classical Review*, May, 1914. Tristram and his friends, travelling among the wild tribes to the east of Jordan, came suddenly upon a population engaged in husbandry in the fields, *with their guns slung*

across their shoulders; and were themselves mistaken for a band of raiders, causing a momentary panic.

Lines 750-760—"Umbro, the priestly snake-charmer of the Marsi":

> "Quin et Marruvia venit de gente sacerdos
> fronde super galeam et felici comptus oliva
> Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Vmbro,
> vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydris
> spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
> mulcebatque iras et morsus arte levabat.
> sed non Dardaniae medicari cuspidis ictum
> evaluit neque eum iuvere in vulnera cantus
> somniferi et Marsis quaesitae montibus herbae.
> te nemus Angitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
> te liquidi flevere lacus."

These lines are of peculiar interest. Umbro, the Marsian, snake-charmer and master of medicine, stands out among all the figures in the pageant; and the eye of the spectator lingers on him, for the poet tells us that none of his arts could save him in the fighting to come. He wears the olive on his helmet, the olive so often called *felix*, and associated with the messengers and the arts of peace;[1] but it will avail him nothing.

[1] Diels, "Sibyllinische Blätter," p. 120, has some interesting remarks on the use of the "mild, peace-suggesting olive." He goes perhaps too far in contrasting the "heavenly" bay ("laurus") with the "earthly" olive. But his citation of Isyllos of Epidaurus (Wilamowitz "Isyll.," p. 9) is interesting here:

> ἔιμασιν ἐν λευκοῖσι δάφνας στεφάνοις ποτ' Ἀπόλλω,
> ποὶ δ' Ασκλαπιὸν ἔρνεσι ἐλαίας ἡμεροφύλλου
> ἀγνῶς πομπεύειν.

The tradition and practice of snake-charming has always been confined to the district of the Marsi, from which Umbro came; the shores of the "lacus Fucinus," which has been drained in our own time, and the hills overlooking it. The commentators tell us that the art continued through Roman times, and I need not reproduce their references: but what they do not tell us is that it survived through the middle ages, attached itself to a famous local saint, and is by no means extinct at the present day. My informant is Miss Macdonell, whose book on the Abruzzi I have already quoted.[1] She does not tell us what species of snake is thus treated by the Marsi; but it is probably the Italian form of the common viper (*Vipera aspis*), with the harmless ringed snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*), familiar to us all in England.

Quoting the historian of the Marsi, Muzio Febonio, Miss Macdonell tells us that in the parts about Lake Fucino, and especially about the roots of Monte Penna, there is such an abundance of serpents that in the summer heat they are wont to come out of the mountain and go down to the water, and may be seen coiled up like bundles of vine twigs on the stones, or resting on the rocky ledges above the lake. Febonio also says of his own knowledge that Don Paul Ciarallo, archpriest of Bisignano, of the old race of the Marsi, had, with all his family, the power of catching serpents, and of curing their bites merely with the saliva of the mouth.[2]

[1] "In the Abruzzi," p. 182 *ff.*

[2] Human saliva is said by Pliny (vii. 15) to be a specific.

"Charmers from the Marsica," Miss Macdonell goes on, "used till lately to be met with in all parts of the kingdom of Naples. They carried boxes full of snakes, which they played with, etc." Again: "To-day the art is mainly to be met with in religious festivals. At the *festa* of San Domenico di Cocullo, at Cocullo, at Villalago and elsewhere too, serpent-charming forms a main feature of the ceremonial. On the hermit saint who lived in caverns in the rocks, and made friends with the wild things of the mountains, has fallen the mantle of the early enchanters." Further on (p. 258) we learn the details of this inheritance. On the great day of the saint, August 22, his statue is exhibited with serpents round his neck and twined about his arms. When it is taken out of the church, the people crane to see the snakes, "and shrink and peer again." "At the end the snakes are let loose among the rocks. They creep away to crevices and holes, and for all that day in Villalago none of them will do any hurt."

Line 759—The *nemus Angitiae*. This deity has a name that seems etymologically connected with anguis": unluckily we know nothing of her ritual. She was, however, a real deity, as two inscriptions prove, one from this district of the Marsi, the other not far away, at Sulmo.[1] A local legend at Sulmo, where Ovid the magician is still a great hero, tells how he once fled from home and disappeared. At last he was found in the wood of Angizia—that is, in the mystic grove of the sorceress near Luco, on the Fucine

[1] "C.I.L.," ix. 3074, 3885.

lake. There he learnt magic, and did afterwards many marvellous things.[1] D'Annunzio has used the name Angizia in his Abruzzo tragedy, "La Fiacola sotto il Moggio," for the daughter of a snake-charmer, the villainess of the piece.[2]

Lines 759-760:

> "te nemus Angitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
> te liquidi flevere lacus."

Henry has a strange note on these words—a wilful note, which I only mention because it raises an interesting question. Comparing these lines with Moschus "Idyll.," 3, 1 *ff.*, he asks how Virgil could rival the Greek poet, with his stiff inflexible Latin. "Even had he had a more flexible instrument, he was himself quite too civilised, too Augusticised . . . to draw such melting sounds out of it. . . . *There was no such thing as real weeping in Virgil's days, no more than in ours.*" Henry was for the moment so overwhelmed by the golden beauty of the Greek verse, that his judgment of the Latin was paralysed. No one felt the magic of Greek words and thoughts more deeply than Mr. F. W. Myers, yet of these Latin ones he could write that he found in them "that accent of brooding sorrow which mourns over the fate of men, and breathes a pathetic murmur into Nature's peace."[3] To this I do not need to add a word.

But is it true, as Henry says, that Virgil was too civilised and "Augusticised" (I omit two other objectionable expressions) to understand what tears

[1] "In the Abruzzi," p. 232. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 183.
[3] "Classical Essays" (1911), p. 144.

mean? And is the same true of the Europe of to-day, or of his day, fifty years ago? Assuredly not: human nature does not really differ from age to age—it is only the surface that is touched by passing gusts of literary fashion, which sometimes fail to bring to active expression the abiding love and tenderness beneath. And indeed it is not true, far from it, that the poetry of Virgil's day failed to express that love and tenderness; nor was it so in Henry's own time. This very accent of sorrow that "breathes a pathetic murmur into Nature's peace" is to be found in the most Virgilian of English poets, writing while Henry was voyaging through the Aeneid:

"Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon, or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star,

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake:
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child:

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades:
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills."

We moderns express the feeling in a different way: but the tears are there.

Commentators have asked what Virgil means by "lacus"—whether the big Fucine lake itself, or small pools in the district. It does not seem to me necessary to make a puzzle of this. The reader will do better to let his mind dwell on the four final words, which form one of those pathetic unfinished lines of which I have said something in an appendix.

Lines 761-782—"Diana of Aricia, and Virbius":

"Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello,
Virbius, insignem quem mater Aricia misit,
eductum Egeriae lucis umentia circum
litora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae.
namque ferunt fama Hippolytum, postquam arte novercae
occiderit patriasque explerit sanguine poenas
turbatis distractus equis, ad sidera rursus
aetheria et superas caeli venisse sub auras,
Paeoniis revocatum herbis et amore Dianae.
tum pater omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris
mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere vitae,
ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis
fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas.
at Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
sedibus et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat,
solus ubi in silvis Italis ignobilis aevum
exigeret versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.
unde etiam templo Triviae lucisque sacratis
cornipedes arcentur equi, quod litore currum
et iuvenem monstris pavidi effudere marinis.
filius ardentis haud setius aequore campi
exercebat equos curruque in bella ruebat."

If we take this now famous passage and examine it scientifically for some basis of religious fact, what we find is this: (1) There was an altar to Diana at

Aricia, in the woods by the lake (of Nemi), much used and full of grace. (2) There was a taboo here on horses, which forbade them to enter the precincts of the altar; which reminds us that the most ancient priest of Latium, the Flamen Dialis, was forbidden to ride on a horse, and may help to assure us of the primitive character of this cult of Diana. Such taboos would arise when the use of the horse was a new practice, and therefore more or less uncanny: and the first traces of this practice are found in the *terremare* of N. Italy—*i.e.*, before the migration southward of peoples afterwards to become Latins.[1] (3) In some mysterious connection with Diana was a divine figure known as Virbius. Here Servius gives us his solitary bit of help: "Re vera autem, Virbius est numen coniunctum Dianae, ut Matri Deum Atys, Minervae Ericthonius, Veneri Adonis." Whether this comes out of Servius' own head or not, it was a natural and reasonable guess, though his analogies, being all Greek, are of no use for an investigator of Italian religion: but even in Italy we find "conjunctions" of male and female "numina," which I have tried to explain elsewhere.[2]

Now on these simple facts of a cult we find, as so often in Roman literature, a Greek tale engrafted, and in this case the explanation is simple; to explain the

[1] Peet, "Stone and Bronze Age in Italy," p. 363; cp. 354.

[2] See Appendix iii. in my "Roman Religious Experience." But in the examples there examined, the female "numina" are merely functional qualifications of the male ones: here Diana seems the more important of the two.

taboo on horses someone introduced the horse-legend of Hippolytus, which seems to have been a favourite in Italy. (Virgil naïvely breaks the taboo by making Virbius the younger drive his chariot to the war.) This legend, for religious purposes, we must leave out of account altogether. It does not in the least help us to the nature of Virbius or his relation to Diana.

A few years ago one might have left the matter here: but a great British wizard, "felici comptus oliva," a friendly Umbro, who uses his powers without malignity, has worked wonders with Virbius and his belongings. In the last edition of the "Golden Bough," a summary of these wonders will be found in vol. i., p. 40 *ff*. I will not now do more than express my gratitude to Virbius and the author of that wonderful work for combining to build up a treasure-house of anthropological knowledge admired and revered by all the world of learning. But at the same time I would draw attention to a few words in the preface to the last two volumes of the great work, which will serve to caution us in our enthusiasm for its theories, and put us on our guard in the treatment of details like this of Virbius:

"It is the fate of theories to be washed away like children's castles of sand by the rising tide of knowledge, and I am not so presumptuous as to expect or desire for mine an exemption from the common lot. I hold them all very lightly, and have used them chiefly as convenient pegs on which to hang my collections of facts."

Lines 783-802.—"Turnus and its multitudinous followers":

> "Ipse inter primos praestanti corpore Turnus
> vertitur arma tenens et toto vertice supra est.
> cui triplici crinita iuba galea alta Chimaeram
> sustinet Aetnaeos efflantem faucibus ignes;
> tam magis illa fremens et tristibus effera flammis,
> quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnae."

Here at last Virgil gives his imagination a loose rein. So far all his descriptions of warriors have been well within the range of the actual or possible; but Turnus is the mightiest of all the warriors in these last six books, who would have slain Aeneas himself but for divine interference, and therefore the helmet at least of Turnus must be one of supernatural power. It carries a Chimaera as well as a triple plume, and the Chimaera *breathes out flame* like Aetna, flame that grows fiercer and more grisly (*tristibus effera flammis*) as the heroic wearer plunges further into the fight and the fight grows ever more bloody. There is no need here to trouble about construction or archæological accuracy: Virgil is leaving such considerations behind him, and expects you to follow. He may have seen some marvellous helmet painted on an Etruscan vase, which fired his imagination; but Turnus is here something more than ordinary man, and his helmet is at this imaginative moment to seem much more than an ordinary helmet.[1] The shield, with a golden Io

[1] Cp. the marvellous helmet given to Aeneas by his mother, viii. 620. For the Chimaera in Etruria, see Dennis, "Cities and Cemeteries," ii. 39 and 386. When it comes to actual

engraved on it, seems tame after the Chimaera, and I almost wish it had been struck out of the picture. The background of this picture is filled with the innumerable hosts that followed Turnus out of all the coast towns from the Tiber to the Pomptine marshes among which the Ufens river "searched for a way"; and again to the promontory of Circe and the city of Anxur, home of a youthful Jupiter and of a famous *numen* of Latium, Feronia.

Virgil had already been close upon this region in describing the followers of Halaesus (723 *ff.*), and returns to it with obvious pleasure:

> "(Qui) . . . Rutulosque exercent vomere colles
> Circaeumque iugum, quis Iuppiter Anxurus arvis
> praesidet, et viridi gaudens Feronia luco."

Few of us have been travellers on this bit of coast; but those who chance to have read a delightful account of it by Dr. James Sully, in the *Quarterly Review* for 1911, 377 *ff.*, will understand how much is compressed into these few words, and perhaps how willingly the poet would have lingered here if his theme had allowed it. The title of the article is "Terracina," which was the later Roman name for the settlement over which Iuppiter Anxur presided, and

fighting Turnus does not wear this marvellous helmet: ix. 50, "crista tegit galea aurea rubra"; xii. 89, "rubrae cornua cristae." Nothing can better show the idealising in this passage. The wild picture of Turnus presented in the pageant by means of this helmet is in contrast with the princely guise and demeanour of Aeneas in the fighting to come; but the weak point in his character, the fact that he fights for his own interest only, is not alluded to here.

which bore his name. About this form of Jupiter we really know nothing for certain,[1] and excavations have not enlightened us further. In 1894 the ruins of a once conspicuous temple above the town were laid bare, and some "toy-like leaden imitations of domestic objects" were found (*e.g.*, tables and chairs), and two inscriptions of dedications to Venus. The Italian excavator nevertheless claimed the site for Jupiter Anxur, Venus being otherwise unknown there. But German archæologists decide dogmatically for Venus.

The following reflections of Dr. Sully will be interesting at the present time (October, 1915): "To the outsider the dispute is interesting as illustrating how ruthlessly modern German criticism has attacked the venerable traditions of Italy. There is something pathetic in the brutal disfigurement of so pretty a conception as that of the abode of the beardless Jupiter Anxur; and one cannot but feel a certain sympathy with the local archæologist, when he inveighs against these annihilating attacks of the Teuton, whose mind, he seems to think, is of the Mephistophelean type, 'der Geist der stets verneint'"

Lines 803 to end—"Camilla":

"Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla
agmen agens equitum et florentes aere catervas,
bellatrix, non illa colo calathisve Minervae
femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia virgo
dura pati cursuque pedum praevertere ventos.
illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret

[1] See "Roman Festivals," p. 226.

gramina nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas,
vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti
ferret iter celeris nec tingeret aequore plantas.
illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuventus
turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem,
attonitis inhians animis ut regius ostro
velet honos levis umeros, ut fibula crinem
auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
et pastoralem praefixa cuspide myrtum."

The pageant ends with the most beautiful of all its figures. Virgil, in describing the hero of these last six books, had already ventured a touch of the supernatural; here he indulges his imagination still more strongly.[1] Camilla, who bears a name that should awake the national spirit in every Italian,[2] and prepare him for an idealised heroine, is revealed more fully in the eleventh book, where the wonderful story of her infancy is told; but in these few lines her portrait is already perfect, without a flaw in thought or expression. One good critic has suggested that she was the poet's ideal woman, rather than the wild and passionate Dido. I should

[1] He gives her the rare epithet "dia" in xi. 657.

[2] The children of noble parents assisted in the religious rites of the household as "camilli" and "camillae" (see "Roman Religious Experience," p. 177 *ff.*). This is one of the many indications that Virgil meant to give the figures in his pageant a semi-religious character, quite in conformity with the primitive ideas about the "sacredness" of war (see "Golden Bough," part ii., p. 157 *ff.*). There are plenty of Roman proofs of this sacredness. In his choice of a name Virgil would also be thinking of Camillus, who more than any other in the shadowy annals of early Rome represents the ideal type of Roman warrior.

not myself go so far as this; but I readily agree that he used all the subtlest resources of his art upon her. Whether he idealised in her some woman whom he loved, or loved her as the creature of his own imagination, we cannot tell.

But it seems that certain *viri docti* took exception to Camilla because she could skim along the surface of the corn or the waves without touching them; and Heyne, the best of all German commentators on Virgil, undertook to defend her by appealing to Iliad, xx. 220 *ff.*—a bad defence, as Henry justly says. Homer says that the "mares" of Ericthonius did actually perform these miracles; but Virgil, with a subtle subjunctive of potential force, instead of telling us of actual marvels, *magically idealises the human woman.*

How little, on the whole, have we learnt about Virgil from his commentators! Servius, I need not say, is most interesting reading, for he reflects the spirit of his own day; he preserves much valuable antiquarian matter, too often hidden away in a mist of mythology, like some ancient inscribed stone concealed in a tangle of brambles; and he now and then helps us to the true text, or to the way in which Roman scholars understood their poet. But he uses Virgil as the means to something else, not as an end in himself, so it seems to me, and if that be so, I need say no more about him. The modern commentator, German as a rule, and therefore very careful and conscientious, loses such sense of the Virgilian magic as he ever may have had, as a con-

sequence of these very qualities; for it is intuition rather than toil that should equip him for his task. Line upon line he goes through with his work, and often word upon word, unconsciously blunting the edge of his mind, and dulling the sensibility of his ear. The Teutonic mind has many valuable qualities, but we may doubt if it readily apprehends the true inward poetic value of words and phrases in Virgil; and if that apprehension be absent, the result often is that the Aeneid as a whole fails to appeal to it. Mommsen was never really moved by Virgil, I think, though he was keenly sensitive to some Latin and Italian poetry. Niebuhr is reported to have said in a lecture that it had never occurred to him to place Virgil among Roman poets of the first order! He added that our poor poet mistook his vocation, which was really that of a lyric poet. "It is sad to think that his mistake, the work which is his most complete failure, has been so much admired by posterity." "The Aeneid is a complete failure: it is unhappy from beginning to end."[1] But let us hope that the historian was misreported by some *improbus anser* sitting at his feet in the lecture-room at Bonn.

Line 804: "Agmen agens equitum et *florentes* aere catervas."

Henry has a most delightfully instructive note here on the word *florentes*, which I will reproduce in part, as Henry is not commonly in the hands of

[1] "Lectures on the History of Rome" (Schmitz's edition), vol. iii., p. 136 *ff.*

students.[1] Servius, he says, took the cream off the word by saying that Ennius and Lucretius used *florens* for anything that is *nitidus*, and that Virgil followed them. "No: 'florere' is ἄνθειν, and both words, like our own English 'to bloom, to blow, to flourish,' preserve in their secondary and derived meaning the allusion to their primary smell, if I may use the metaphor, of the flower-garden." (Cp. Plautus Pers. v. i. 23, where Toxilus presents a garland to Lemniselenis with the words, *Do hanc tibi florentem florenti.*) It is especially used to express (*a*) the fresh, blooming appearance of youth and beauty, as in Ciris 435:

> "me non *florentes aequali corpore* Nymphae
> non metus incendens potuit retinere deorum"

(op. Ov. Met. ix. 435); (*b*) the gay and blooming appearance conferred by new clothes or new arms, as Accius, quoted by Nonius (p. 808, Lindsay's edition):

> "aere atque ferro fervere, *igni insignibus*
> *florere:*"

(cp. Claudian, Cons. Honor. 133); (*c*) to any other kind of blooming appearance, as lighted lamps, precious stones; Lucretius, iv. 452:

> "bina *lucernarum florentia lumina flammis;*"

and v. 1441:

> "tum mare velivolum *florebat puppibus.*"[2]

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[1] Henry is not a commentator in the ordinary sense, but a traveller taking notes. He called his work "A Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery."

[2] Cp. Aesch. Ag., 658.

"Florentes aere" is therefore not "splendentes, fulgentes aere," as Servius and some German commentators explain it, and as he describes Pallas and his men in viii. 593, "fulgentes aere" but in the very different sense *of blooming, charming with "aes."* [I would add that while words like "fulgentes" or "splendentes" give the effect produced without a hint of what produces it, "florentes" suggests life and beauty, young life and fresh beauty, as the organic cause.] Thus, he says, it is specially applicable to women, and in the Aeneid it is used only of Camilla and her troops, here and in xi. 433, though in Georg. iv. 563 he uses it of himself in his youth:

> "illo Vergilium me tempore dulcis alebat
> Parthenope studiis florentem ignobilis oti,"

thus suggesting that their "florere," when coupled with bronze, their bloom, their finery, was not the ordinary bloom or finery of their sex, but the manly martial bloom or finery of "aes"; [to which I would add that the bronze armour seems to call for a new word to express it when worn by beautiful and youthful women.][1] But if the reader of these pages can come by Henry's "Aeneidea," let him ponder well pp. 616*ff.*, and judge for himself whether he has not here found another example of "all the charm of all the Muses often *flowering* in a lonely word."

[1] That the immediate companions, if not the troops as a whole, of Camilla, were women, is proved by xi. 655 *ff.*: "At circum lectae comites, etc." I think it is also suggested by the fact that the crowd which gazes on her as she rides away to the war (vii. 812) is largely composed of women ("matres"),

The "turba matrum" gazes upon Camilla as she sets out:

> "attonitis inhians animis ut regius ostro
> velet honos levis humeros, ut fibula crinem
> auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
> et pastoralem praefixa cuspide myrtum."

and with these lines the pageant comes to a fitting and beautiful end.[1]

I said at the beginning that I should return to Milton and his ending, which is simple and quiet enough, and leaves us almost cold among the myths of Titan and his "enormous brood." But the chill

---

and with a most happy touch Virgil makes them mark her *dress* as well as her weapons—her purple mantle, and the fibula that fastens her hair.

[1] It is hard to believe that any editor should have suggested that the episode about the infancy of Camilla in xi. 532 *ff.* was originally intended to follow these lines; but Conington, in his note on xi. 537, tells us that Peerlkamp thought so, supposing that the original editors, Tucca and Varius, placed it where it is now. No doubt its position in the eleventh book is at first sight surprising, and as Heinze remarks (Virgil's "Epische Technik," p. 409 *ff.*), it is an exception to the poet's habit of steady and uninterrupted narration. I believe myself that it was inserted there, perhaps after the completion of the book, to relieve the monotony of the battle scenes, to take the reader's mind back to the woodland and its wild inhabitants. But by no artistic mind could it ever have been destined to follow this first beautiful glimpse of the warrior maiden. (Peerlkamp it was of whom Orelli said that "Horatium ex Horatio ipso expulit." See Sir John Sandys in "Companion to Latin Studies," sec. 1289.)

is only momentary; in another moment we are saluted by a peal of such magnificent sound as seems to lift us right out of ourselves and beyond the reach of even Homer and Virgil. I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe these lines:

"All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage and dispelled their fears:
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be up-reared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel, as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;
At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised

To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal and immortal minds."

And from this point, on to the end of the book, nearly two hundred and fifty lines, the great diapason never once ceases to resound.

APPENDIX

See lines 699 *ff.*:

" ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni
cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros
dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe
pulsa palus.
nec quisquam aeratas acies ex agmine tanto
misceri putet, aeriam sed gurgite ab alto
urgeri volucrum raucarum ad litora nubem."

It is an interesting task to go through all Virgil's unfinished lines (hemistichia) without prepossessions derived from the conclusions of the learned, in order to discover for oneself what the poet meant by them. We may, I imagine, take it as certain that in most of the fifty-five examples he had a distinct object, and that not more than one or two can be supposed to be indications of unfinished work.[1] But in order to form a fair judgment it is necessary in each case to read the context, twenty or thirty lines at least, and to meditate on it with ear and mind.

In the text I said that it was unlike Virgil to resume a subject, *a fortiori* a simile, after one of these broken lines. But to make sure of my conclusion I

[1] Only one (iii. 340), according to Suetonius, " Life of Virgil," p. 41.

have been through them all, and I can now state that conclusion with even greater confidence. The result is that I am more than ever convinced that lines 703-705 ought to be bracketed, or better still, printed only in an apparatus criticus.

The great majority of hemistichia clearly indicate a pause: sometimes at the end of a speech or a narrative, occasionally introducing one. These merely show that the poet was glad of an opportunity to rest the reader's (or listener's) ear from that monotony of the hexameter which is more apparent in Latin than Greek, and needs, as Virgil knew only too well, every possible artistic device to secure variety. Examples of this effect are numerous, especially in the highly finished second book—*e.g.*, 233, 346, 468, 640, 720.

Sometimes the half-line is used for a pathetic effect, and touches a sensitive ear most tenderly, as in the sack of Troy, ii. 767:

> "huc undique Troia gaza
> incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum
> crateresque auro solidi, captivaque vestis
> congeritur. Pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres
> stant circum.
> ausus quin etiam voces iactare per umbram
> implevi clamore vias. . . ."

In ix. 467 there is a pause which is almost a sigh, at the very end of the tale of Nisus and Euryalus:

> "quin ipsa arrectis (visu miserabile) in hastis
> praefigunt capita et multo clamore sequuntur
> Euryali et Nisi.
> Aeneadae duri murorum in parte sinistra. . . ."

Once or twice Virgil may have left a line unfinished because the whole passage had not worked itself out in his head. Possible examples of this are viii. 536 and ix. 721. But I cannot believe this of the simile of the swans in vii. 702. As I have said in the text, it is quite perfect to the words "pulsa palus," which form a hemistich. There, according to the evidence of the great majority of hemistichia, there should be a pause in the sense, and a passage to another topic, or to some new aspect of the same topic. So it is in line 760 and in the passage from the second book quoted above (line 767). So again in iii. 218:

> "virginei volucrum vultus, foedissima ventris
> proluvies uncaeque manus et pallida semper
> ora fame.
> Huc ubi delati portus intravimus. . . ."

Again, in our own seventh book, line 44, we have an excellent specimen of the same pause:

> "maior rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
> maius opus moveo,"

only in this case the poet has chosen to begin the new story with the second part of the verse, instead of beginning a new line.

In ix. 166 *ff.*, after describing the scene in the Rutulian camp, he comes to a close thus:

> "conlucent ignes, noctem custodia ducit
> insomnem ludo,"

and then returns to the Trojans in a new line: "Hæc super e vallo, etc."

It may be worth while also to look at xi. 390, because there the pause occurs in the middle of the impassioned rhetoric of Turnus against Drances, just to allow one bitter taunt to sink in, before he turns to take up another point of Drances' speech:

> "Imus in adversos—quid cessas? an tibi Mavors
> ventosa in lingua pedibusque fugacibus istis
> semper erit?
> pulsus ego? aut quisquam merito, foedissime, pulsum
> arguet. . . ."

I think I may fairly assume that anyone who examines these passages, to help him in judging of the one more particularly under consideration, will not fail to conclude that the second bird-simile is absolutely inadmissible after the hemistich.

*** Since this Appendix was written, Mr. Mackail has published some valuable remarks on Virgil's hemistichiae in the *Classical Review*, December, 1915, p. 226.

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